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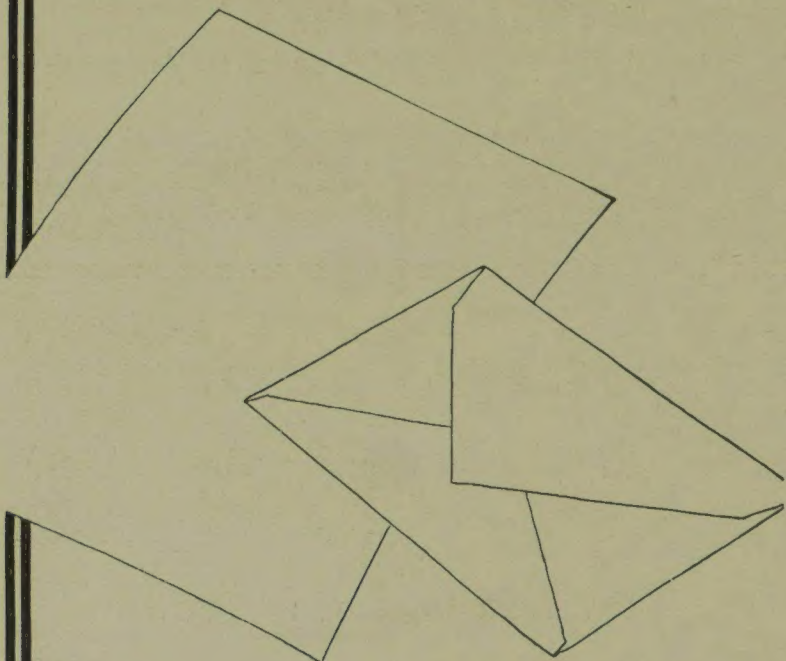
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1950.



**ELECTION NIGHT IN THE WEST END, WHERE YOUNG AND GOOD-HUMOURED CROWDS CHEERED AND COUNTER-CHEERED IN THE DRIZZLING RAIN AS THE RESULTS BEGAN TO COME IN: THE SCENE IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS.**

Huge crowds gathered on the night of Polling Day (February 23) in Piccadilly Circus and Trafalgar Square to learn the earlier election results, which were flashed on screens and announced by loud-speaker. There were showers of rain throughout the waiting period and puddles of water underfoot, but it was for the most part a young and good-humoured crowd which cheered and counter-cheered as the results came through. In Trafalgar Square the scene was floodlit and televised; in Piccadilly, as our photograph shows, the face of Mr. Churchill or Mr. Attlee was flashed on the

screen, according as to whether the last result announced was a Conservative or a Labour victory. The first result announced was Salford West—Salford is traditionally first with its result—and this was held by Labour with a majority of 5292. The crowds thinned as time wore on, but there were still about 1000 in Trafalgar Square when the screening ceased. There were many parties in West End clubs and hotels; and the King, Queen and Princess Margaret remained at Buckingham Palace, where they were joined by Princess Elizabeth, to hear the results on the wireless.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

NATURE abhors a vacuum. Society cannot, said Abraham Lincoln, continue half-free, half-slave. It has, sooner or later, to become one or the other; the larger swallows up the lesser. Little political differences can, and should, be merged and blended, but fundamental ones, since they cannot be composed, have to be resolved. Sooner or later, every great issue must be put to the test, the hour of decision reached:

He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
That dares not put it to the touch  
To win or lose it all.

No one in the West wants to believe that this question of stark choice is the issue between East and West, between the two sides of the Iron Curtain, between international Communism and the more elastic and, as we think, kinder form of political and social organisation upon which our European and Anglo-Saxon civilisation rests. Yet this reluctance on the part of millions of peace-loving men and women, who, having twice in their lifetimes experienced the misery, folly, vileness, waste and destruction of war, are prepared to go to almost any length to avoid experiencing it again, cannot by itself avert a repetition of these calamities unless those who possess the power of decision in the other or Eastern half of the world share an equal reluctance. And power on the other side of the Iron Curtain does not rest, as it largely does in the West, with ordinary and politically unambitious men and women whose revulsive reaction to the threat of war is now automatic and instantaneous. The rulers of the East are under no necessity to submit themselves and their policies every three or four years to the free suffrages of those they rule, or of suffering in the interim the unceasing public criticism of those who seek to rule in their place. The men in the Kremlin are responsible only to themselves, to the discipline and balance of power that exists between them, and to their own interpretation of the rigid, ruthless canons of the faith they administer. What do the men in the Kremlin think of this issue between black and white, right and wrong, Communism and Capitalism, totalitarian dictatorship and political liberty? Do they think that opposites can be peacefully blended, that differences can be gradually merged, that black and white can presently be made grey? Or do they despise such meek aspirations as weakness, defeatism and treason? Because, if so, we on the hither side of the Iron Curtain ought presently to take rather more thought for the morrow.

We do not know the men in the Kremlin. They do not live in the market place or on the hustings. They live, like the society they govern, behind unscalable walls. We can only judge them by their actions, by the fruits of their policy. There has been no compromise in China, in the Balkans, in Russia itself. I see no reason why, if the disposal of the future is to be theirs, we should suppose there will be any offered west of the Elbe, Rhine or English Channel. The fanaticism of the East at full flood has never in history been a compromising force. Nor, whatever wishful-thinking rumour may say, is there any reason to suppose that the teeming millions behind the Iron Curtain, from Magdeburg to Vladivostok, are opposed to the crusade dictated by the Kremlin. They may, like us, fear and detest war, but, unlike us, they may well believe that their rulers' ideological and national or super-national objectives make war worth while. From the cradle to the grave they are indoctrinated with the belief that the safety of the People's Republics—an objective whose definition at any given moment is left unreservedly to the People's self-selected leaders—merits and demands their

utmost devotion, even if that safety has to be sought far outside their own boundaries. "Wider yet and wider shall thy bounds be set," is an ironical slogan to-day for our own "land of hope and glory," but it fits perfectly the popular current aspirations of the U.S.S.R. In our State-schools love of country and corporate faith are treated as almost taboo subjects, and writers of books

possibly deserving of detestation. But if their practice is such as admits of no compromise and they are resolved to establish their universal rule by the sword, as they have already done over a third of the earth, I must either reconcile myself to be their slave or prepare to resist them. That is the dilemma that, burke it as we may, faces civilised man in the West to-day.

Part of the helplessness of the West arises from the fact that our national patriotism and our fighting forces are organised on a basis that the mass of our people no longer feel to be real and valid. We have fought two great national wars in the past thirty-five years, but we have fought them in pure self-defence and without the slightest desire to fight, or without any belief that positive good could arise from them. They were forced on us and, because we refused to contemplate their possibility, we were unready for them and had to pay an appalling price as a consequence. In the next war the price of such unpreparedness may well be defeat and obliteration at the very start. We ought, therefore, I contend, to reorganise our patriotism and our fighting strength on a new basis and one in which we and other peoples like us wholeheartedly believe. Our belief should be the rule of international law: our resolve to defend it and, where necessary, to enforce it, with our lives if need be. We ought to teach our children in all our schools and proclaim on our radio, and in our cinemas, the nobility of any man, nation, or generation that is prepared to die in order that our free way of life may continue. That is what the Russians and the Communist States all the world over teach in their schools and factories. The basis of our way of life is the settlement of disputes through the rule of law and its enforcement wherever necessary. The discovery of the atomic bomb and of perhaps worse has endorsed the wisdom of such a doctrine. Whatever our shortcomings may be in other respects, it has made the recognition and enforcement of our doctrine an absolute necessity if humanity is to survive. For if mankind does not establish and enforce the rule of law soon, there will be neither mankind nor civilisation left.

Not only the national and ideological beliefs of those who think as we do, but the armies, navies and air forces should be blended, as those of the United Nations were blended by General Eisenhower during the war, and as those of Western Union are now being blended, so far as the politicians allow—which is probably not very far—by Field Marshal Montgomery. Service in an international force to enforce peace and the rule of law in a world which armed lawlessness, if permitted to become uncontrollable, can destroy, ought to be regarded as the first duty of youth: a duty far transcending the narrower bounds of national patriotism and one on which all the privileges of a happier and fuller life now depend. Unless our leaders, political, economic, social and cultural, believe and preach that, our people will not believe it either, and we shall see the cause of Western civilisation and freedom—the legacy of thousands of years, of Judah, Greece and Rome, of

Hampden, Rousseau and Washington—go by default and be utterly destroyed by those who do not share it. If we can place the defence of the West, not on a basis of paper and vague talk as at present, but on the resolution of hundreds of millions of many races to defend their heritage at all costs, the nightmare from the East will dissipate as other nightmares have done before. It is not the atomic bomb which threatens Western civilisation to-day: it is not even the iron fanaticism of the Kremlin. It is the lack of faith of those who inherit that civilisation and fail, through poverty of leadership, to realise and sustain their inheritance.

## EFFECTS OF THE COAL STRIKE IN NEW YORK.



GAY WITH INNUMERABLE ELECTRIC SIGNS AND ADVERTISEMENTS: THE NORMAL ASPECT OF NEW YORK'S FAMOUS BROADWAY, BRILLIANTLY LIT AT NIGHT. [LOWER PHOTO.]



WITH ALL ADVERTISING SIGNS OF MORE THAN 200 WATTS SUFFERING A "BROWN-OUT": THE REDUCED [UPPER PHOTO] ILLUMINATION ON BROADWAY CONSEQUENT ON THE COAL STRIKE.

On February 18, the United States soft-coal miners, whose prolonged strike has reached the dimensions of a national emergency, in Pennsylvania and other States voted overwhelmingly against obeying the order of Mr. John L. Lewis to return to the pits; and the New York State Solid Fuel Administrator announced that if they did not return quickly to work, he might close all non-essential and less-essential establishments, making a start with theatres, taverns and other places of amusement. Rationing of soft coal began in New York on February 20; and a "brown-out" was imposed at noon on February 19 affecting all theatre, cinema, store and advertising signs of more than 200 watts in New York. Our photographs show that, though Broadway is still illuminated by some signs and slogans, the more spectacular are no longer lit. On February 22, special powers were voted to Governor Dewey to seize privately-owned stocks of coal, and to fix ceiling prices for the emergency. It was stated on that date that New York City had enough coal for a week, but that there was no guarantee that the city would have more than that.

and newspapers and radio commentators constantly denigrate these erstwhile virtues or, if they pay conventional lip-service to them, do so in such a way as to leave small doubt of their insincerity. Things are not managed in that way on the other side of the Iron Curtain.

I have no feeling of enmity towards the Communist creed or towards those who hold it. Though I believe the Christian creed to be a far nobler one and the Christian way, if only practised, a more compelling, I recognise that the Communists are completely sincere in their faith, have a constructive, if to us often repulsive, ideal of society, and detest many things in our present scheme of things that are





HOW THE VOTES WERE COUNTED. AFTER THE CLOSE OF THE POLL: THE SCENE IN LEWISHAM TOWN HALL DURING THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING. MR. HERBERT MORRISON WAS THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE IN S. LEWISHAM, POLLING 26,666 VOTES.

For the first time at a General Election wives of candidates were allowed to be present at the count itself, instead of, as hitherto, waiting outside. Like everybody else present at the count, they had to swear an oath of secrecy. When the declaration had been signed the returning officer or a Justice of the Peace had also to give a signed undertaking that the declaration had been "made and subscribed" before him.

There was a large poll all over Britain, and at Coventry eight polling stations ran out of ballot papers. Many people could not record their votes and their names and addresses were taken. For the first time in a General Election polling booths were open at 7 a.m., an hour earlier than usual, and activity at this hour was brisk in many places. Polling ended at 9 p.m.



## NEWS IN BRITAIN RECORDED BY CAMERA: A SURVEY OF CURRENT EVENTS.



"THE MIGHTY ANTAR," A NEW AND POWERFUL BRITISH TRACTION VEHICLE WHICH CAN HAUL UP TO 100 TONS, AND WHICH HAS BEEN DESIGNED FOR LARGE-SCALE ENGINEERING OPERATIONS. This impressive giant vehicle, of which the first public demonstrations were arranged for February 28, is called the "Mighty Antar," and has been built by John I. Thornycroft and Co., Ltd., to meet the requirements of the Iraq Petroleum Company's pipe-stringing operations in the Middle East. It is described as a tractor designed for a gross train weight with a semi-trailer of up to 100 tons.

Previously, suitable equipment of this type has been obtainable only from dollar countries, and it is hoped that the "Mighty Antar" may be both a dollar-saver and a dollar-earner. It is believed that it will prove suitable for many large-scale engineering and land-development projects in the Dominions and Colonies where heavy equipment has to be transported over rough country.

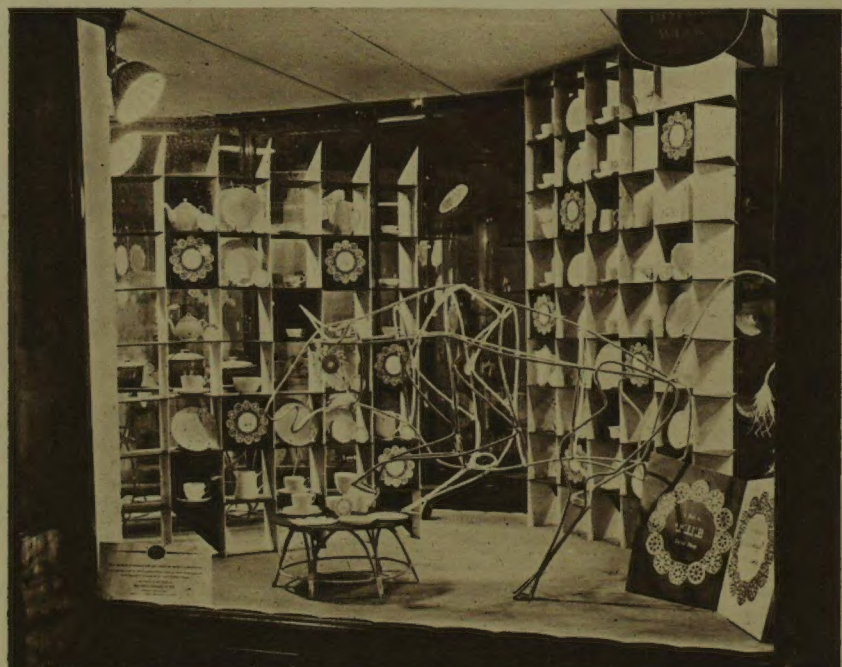


THE ELECTION OF THE REPRESENTATIVE SCOTTISH PEERS IN THE PALACE OF HOLYROODHOUSE ON FEBRUARY 21: THE EARL OF ROSEBURY (STANDING) READING HIS LIST OF NOMINEES. The election of the sixteen representative Scottish Peers to sit in the new Parliament took place in the Picture Gallery of the Palace of Holyroodhouse, Edinburgh. Lord Elphinstone presided, and the Lord Provost and the magistrates attended in their robes of office. The successful candidates

were Lord Rothes, Lord Caithness, Lord Perth, Lord Haddington, Lord Lindsay, Lord Airlie, Lord Selkirk, Lord Dundonald, Lord Breadalbane, Lord Arbuthnott, Lord Saltoun, Lord Sinclair, Lord Sempill, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Fairfax of Cameron and Lord Polwarth.



BUILDING FOR THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN: WORK IN PROGRESS; SHOWING THE DOME OF DISCOVERY AND THE PAVILION OF NATURAL RESOURCES (RIGHT) TAKING SHAPE. The buildings for the Festival of Britain are gradually taking shape on the South Bank site. A 70-ft.-high pyramid-like structure to house the Pavilion of Natural Resources is rising near the skeleton of the Dome of Discovery, which is to rest on steel struts above a "viewing gallery."



"A BULL IN A CHINA SHOP": THE WINNING SHOP-WINDOW DISPLAY IN REGENT STREET, LONDON, WHICH WAS DESIGNED BY THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART. Students from art schools in London and the Home Counties recently took part in a competition in which they dressed shop windows in Regent Street. The winning window, Lawley's, Ltd., was designed by students of the Royal College of Art and featured a bamboo bull.



# THE LAST SURVIVING GATE OF THE CITY: TEMPLE BAR, WHERE IT WAS, IS AND MAY BE.

PLANS for the long-discussed return to the City of Temple Bar have been formulated. On February 23 it was announced that the London Society would proceed with its project to raise £10,000 by public subscription, and that a special committee was being appointed. A site in Middle Temple Lane, suggested by Professor W. G. Holford, author with Dr. C. H. Holden of the City of London Reconstruction Plan, has been described as agreeable. A second choice would be one of the narrow streets leading up to St. Paul's Cathedral. The suggestion that the Bar might be erected at the foot of Ludgate Hill proved impracticable. Temple Bar originally stood at the junction of the present Strand and Fleet Street, and is the sole surviving gate of the City. It was removed in 1878, and after lying for some time in pieces in a London yard was given to Sir Henry Bruce Meux, who paid the cost of transporting it to Theobald's Park. The present owner wishes to return it to the City, and after long consideration the City Lands Committee reported to the Common

[Continued below.]



AS IT WAS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: A CONTEMPORARY DRAWING OF WREN'S TEMPLE BAR, IN ITS ORIGINAL SITE AT THE JUNCTION OF THE PRESENT STRAND AND FLEET STREET, MARKING THE BOUNDARY OF THE CITY.



IN ITS PRESENT EXILE: TEMPLE BAR AT THEOBALD'S PARK, HERTS, WHERE IT WAS ERRECTED IN 1888 BY THE LATE SIR HENRY BRUCE MEUX, AFTER HAVING BEEN REMOVED FROM ITS ORIGINAL SITE.



SUGGESTED AS A SITE FOR TEMPLE BAR, FOR WHOSE RETURN AN APPEAL FOR £10,000 BY PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION WILL BE LAUNCHED: THE EMBANKMENT END OF MIDDLE TEMPLE LANE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE RIVER, AND UP IN THE DIRECTION OF FLEET STREET (RIGHT).

[Continued.] Council at Guildhall on February 16. It was announced that the trustees of Sir Hedworth Meux had decided against the suggestion that it be conveyed to the Minister of Works by Deed of Gift under the Ancient Monuments Act, as they felt

that if they were to do so the Bar would in all probability remain indefinitely where it now stands, whereas it was their wish, which they believe would have considerable public support, that it should be restored as nearly as possible to its original site.





ARTUR RUBINSTEIN, BRILLIANT  
POLISH-BORN PIANIST.



SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, CONDUCTOR,  
AND JASCHA HEIFETZ, VIOLINIST (R).



PIERINO GAMBA, BOY CONDUCTOR.



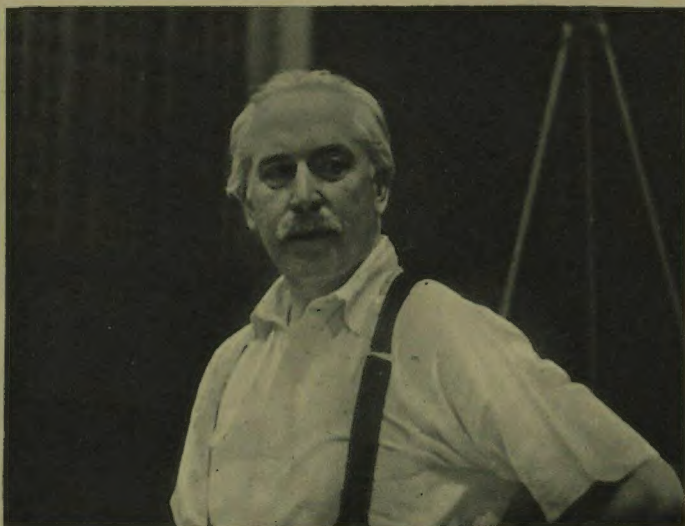
DR. KARL RANKL, CONDUCTOR, AND IDA HAENDEL, VIOLINIST.



SIR MALCOLM SARGENT, CONDUCTOR.



BENIAMINO GIGLI, TENOR.



ARTHUR BLISS, COMPOSER.



JOSEF KRIPS, CONDUCTOR.



RAFAEL KUBELIK, CONDUCTOR, AND WALTER GIESECKING, PIANIST.



PROFESSOR ARTUR SCHNABEL, PIANIST (LEFT).

Our photographs of famous musicians—conductors and soloists—show them as seen by the orchestra, and are thus probably unique. They were taken by a professional musician whose hobby is amateur photography. As second violin of the Philharmonia Orchestra he had his Leica at his feet, and during rehearsals and test recordings would pick it up when, for a bar or two, the violins were at rest. He worked at 1-15th or 1-20th of a second, with the aperture at f.2. The resulting photographs

illustrate different characteristics of some world-famous musicians. The incisive British manner of Sir Malcolm Sargent may be compared with the gesticulating style of Viennese Josef Krips. The Italian infant prodigy forms a contrast to the veteran British genius, witty, beloved Sir Thomas Beecham, and the self-assured mature geniality of the composer-conductor, Arthur Bliss. Rafael Kubelik has been appointed conductor to the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

WORLD-FAMOUS CONDUCTORS AND GREAT SOLOISTS ; AS THEY ARE SEEN BY MEMBERS OF THE ORCHESTRA.





HOW A FARM CAN DISAPPEAR ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND: AN AREA OF DRY WHEATLAND NEAR PUEBLO, COLORADO, WHERE DROUGHT AND WIND HAVE COMBINED TO BLOW AWAY THE TOPSOIL AND THE ALREADY-SOWN WINTER WHEAT—AND WHERE THE DREADED THREAT OF THE "DUST-BOWL" AGAIN BECOMES APPARENT.



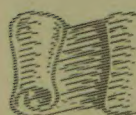
THE FARM BUILDINGS DESERTED, THE FARMLANDS A RIPPLING DESERT OF DUST AND THE HOMESTEAD TREES STANDING GAUNTLY WITH THEIR BOUGHS COVERED WITH FINELY-POWDERED DRY TILTH: A SCENE IN COLORADO, WHICH POINTS THE EVER-PRESENT THREAT OF "DUST BOWL" EROSION IN THE UNITED STATES.

**WHERE THE THREAT OF THE "DUST BOWL" IS EVER PRESENT: GRIM SCENES IN THE DRY LANDS OF COLORADO.**

In all the lands where drought conditions, high winds and sudden flood conditions can combine with greedy husbandry to rob a countryside of its topsoil, the threat of "dust-bowl" erosion is ever-present. The terrible dust-storms and floods which wrought such wide-scale desolation in the grainlands of North America in the '30's, also taught a number of lessons, and the United States authorities have done much to encourage good husbandry, and such devices as the planting of holding crops and contour ploughing. But there are land areas

where the violence of nature or its unpredictable action are too much for man's routine planning. In the United States, for example, the planting of grass crops as a holding measure to prevent the soil being blown away has been often counterbalanced by severe drought leading to grass fires; and in really dry lands, such as those near Pueblo, Colorado, where our recent photographs were taken, the threat is ever present and the challenge to man's ingenuity and good husbandry is ever cogent.





## NOVEL ANGLES OF APPROACH TO CONTEMPORARY RUSSIA.

"MILITARY ATTACHÉ IN MOSCOW": By MAJOR-GENERAL RICHARD HILTON, D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C.; and "THE GOD THAT FAILED": Six Studies in Communism; with an Introduction by RICHARD CROSSMAN, M.P.\*

Appreciations by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

HERE are two more volumes to add to the huge existing library of books about contemporary Russia. Yet neither of them very closely resembles any of its predecessors, and both are written by people with novel angles of approach. General Hilton was for two years among the Russians, first at Marshal Sokolovsky's headquarters in Potsdam, and then as British Military Attaché in Moscow, speaking Russian and keeping a diary in his personal code. And the authors of various nationalities whose essays are introduced by Mr. Richard Crossman are all well-known men who were at various times deluded by their Utopian dreams into an adherence to Moscow and ultimately fell away. They all now explain what drew them towards the Muscovites and how they were disappointed or shocked out of their illusions.

General Hilton's book is slight, unpretentious and unsensational; but (or perhaps I should say "and") a judge would consider him a good witness. He managed, though always with sleuths on his track, to get to villages as much as a hundred miles from Moscow; the farther he got from Moscow the less mass-produced and propaganda-conditioned and frightened he found the people. He ran risks whenever he went off the beaten track: once he was arrested and accused of espionage, and attempts were made to kill him: he never had a chance of performing such remarkable feats of exploration as were recorded in Mr. Fitzroy Maclean's "Eastern Approaches." The verdict remains the same. Such a slave-State, such a police-State as Russia has never before existed. The men who dominate it (doubtless intermingled with men who know that utter conformity to a fluctuating policy is the only means towards a career, or even survival) are far more fanatical than the early Moslems: they must conquer the world in order to make it conform to their own notions; any weapons may be used towards that end, and human lives may justifiably be sacrificed in millions in order that the perfect Communist State at the Rainbow's End may be established. Aims and ends are not novel. Lenin said long ago that he would not mind if nine-tenths of the Russian population were exterminated provided that that resulted in the triumph of Communism: the typical morbid Slav dreamer Dostoevsky prophesied that Russia would save herself first and the world later, it never occurring to him that his notion of salvation might not be ours. All means, all shifts are permissible: the ship may have to tack, but the port is always in mind. An example is the attitude towards religion and the Church. From Marx onwards the Communists have not merely been atheists, but have regarded religion as capitalist "dope." Time was when priests were ruthlessly persecuted and the "Anti-God Museum" widely advertised; time came when it was realised that if the peasants were to be rallied to support of the State, the Church must be allowed on the official map again. This greatly comforted the Dean of Canterbury. But the Church was forbidden to express opinions on the affairs of this world. The notice "Gods not admitted" was taken down, and substituted for it there was put up "No Gods admitted except on a Lead."

"Education" has also been a weapon. One of the great boasts of the Bolshevik propagandists has been that they have almost abolished illiteracy. But of what use is the ability to read if it merely enables one to read, and be persuaded by, lies? And a Government which controls all "the means of production, distribution and exchange" will as certainly allow no more opposition in print than it will allow at the polls; only thus can the edifice be supported against the waves of human impulse which seek the

shores of liberty, of justice, of self-realisation. Let deluded men read only this passage and take it in: "Not a single printed word can reach the people of the Soviet Union unless it emanates from printing-presses of the Soviet Government. This applies not only to newspapers but to books on every conceivable subject. It even applies to theatre programmes. Soon after getting to Moscow I bought myself a few of the ordinary elementary text-books, used in children's schools, in order to find out for myself what sort of a mental picture of our world was being given to the rising generation of Soviet citizens. It is hard to believe that these books purport to be describing the same world that we know, or the events of history which most of us have been taught. Astonishment passes all bounds when one reads the official Soviet version of certain very recent events, which many of us know by personal experience to have happened in quite a different manner to that taught by the Kremlin. As one example out of many, the following is a close translation of some passages from a 'History of the U.S.S.R. (Short Course), edited by Professor A. V. Shestakov.' These passages purport to describe the early events of the Second World War. 'During the war unity was born between all the freedom-loving peoples of the world. Alliance and friendship between the U.S.S.R. and Great Britain

against Eastern Poland and the three Baltic republics are turned by the Professor into a large-hearted movement by the Red Army to rescue the people of these lands from the 'Fascist hordes' of Germany. In similar vein the war against Japan is dismissed as a troublesome affair between Japan and China, which the U.S.S.R. finally assisted the U.S.A. and Great Britain to settle quickly in order to restore peace to the world. As in the case of Germany, so with the war against Japan. There is

no hint in this school text-book that the British Commonwealth of Nations and the United States of America had already got the Japanese on the run after several years' hard fighting when the Soviet Union chipped into this war for the last fortnight or so. There is no mention of any such factor as the atomic bomb."

There is nothing new about all this: the Father of Lies has been instructing his disciples ever since the Russian Revolution succeeded by persuading the honest, decent Russian peasant that he was going to own his land. I cannot understand how anybody could ever have been so myopic as not to see that. In the book edited by Mr. Crossman "six intellectuals describe their journey into Communism, and their return. They saw it first from a long way off—just as their predecessors 130 years ago saw the French Revolution—as a vision of the Kingdom of God on earth, and, like Wordsworth or Shelley, they dedicated their talents to working humbly for its coming. They were not discouraged by the rebuffs of the professional revolutionaries or by the jeers of their opponents, until each discovered the gap between his own vision of God and the reality of the Communist State—and the conflict of conscience reached breaking-point."

These "intellectuals" are Arthur Koestler, Ignazio Silone, André Gide, Richard Wright, Louis Fischer and Stephen Spender. The English representative dallied with Communism only briefly. The "statements" are all interesting, especially those by Silone and Wright: they mostly come from people whom the late John Burns would have described as having "ears of gold and 'eads of fevvers." Discontented with their own surroundings, they readily swallowed the Moscow bait. They were told that in Russia brethren were living together in perfect unity; unrealists

all, they were, after their surrender, brought up against hard reality. Disdaining "pie in the sky," they found themselves in a very unpleasant and hot kind of soup.

Their narratives are all interesting, and their honesty must be respected, though one cannot but wonder at their original stupidity and blindness. The one with whom one can whole-heartedly sympathise is the Chicago negro, Richard Wright, who, understandably, listened to preachments about Moscow caring nothing about a man's colour, and then found himself pummelled out of a May-day procession because he refused, at all points, to surrender his conscience to those who had surrendered theirs.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 345 of this issue



THE AUTHOR OF "MILITARY ATTACHÉ IN MOSCOW," ONE OF THE BOOKS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MAJOR-GENERAL RICHARD HILTON, D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C.

Major-General Hilton's book on Russia is "quite different" from any of the numerous descriptions of the Soviet State in books "by journalists, politicians and even deans," for he worked for two years with the Russians, and kept a diary in his own personal code all the time. The jacket of the book bears a cartoon illustrating a ski-jump mishap the General suffered—a drawing originally published in the Russian comic paper Krokodil.

Reproduction from the book "Military Attaché in Moscow"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Hollis and Carter.



MR. STEPHEN SPENDER.



MR. RICHARD WRIGHT.



MR. LOUIS FISCHER.



MR. ARTHUR KOESTLER.



MONSIEUR ANDRÉ GIDE.



SIGNOR IGNAZIO SILONE.

In "The God That Failed," one of the books reviewed on this page, six intellectuals describe their journey into Communism and their return. Mr. Spender, poet and literary critic, joined the Communist Party for a brief period after 1937. In 1946 he studied the impact of Nazism on German Intellectuals for the F.O. Mr. R. Wright, born of poor American Negro parents, is a writer. He joined the Communist Party through the John Reed Club and left in 1936. Mr. Louis Fischer, author and foreign correspondent of *The New York Post*, never joined any political party, but was once a champion of Soviet Russia. Mr. Arthur Koestler, author of "The Yogi and the Commissar," "Promise and Fulfilment," and many other books, joined the Communist Party in 1931 and left it in 1938 after his imprisonment by the Franco authorities in Spain. M. André Gide, the distinguished French author, and Nobel Prize winner, 1947, though never actually a Communist Party member, was deeply interested in the Russian experiment, but was disillusioned by his visit to the country in 1936. Signor Silone is a well-known Italian author and novelist, and former editor of *Avanguardia* and *Lavoratore*. He left the Communist Party in 1930.

These portraits do not appear in the book "The God That Failed."

and the United States was consolidated. At first England and the United States were not ready for war. They needed time to collect and prepare their forces. The Soviet Union drew upon herself alone almost all the blows of the enemy, and with her own blood saved not only herself but her allies."

"The war," comments General Hilton, "which this account describes is the 'Great Fatherland War,' which began for Russia on the 22nd June, 1941, when the Third Reich suddenly assaulted Russia, in spite of the treaty which Hitler and Stalin had signed between them. The fact that the British Empire had already been 'drawing upon herself alone all the blows of the enemy' for nearly two years before Russia was forced unwillingly into the contest is conveniently and adroitly slurred over. The aggressions of Russia

\* "Military Attaché in Moscow." By Major-General Richard Hilton, D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C. Portrait Frontispiece. (Hollis and Carter; 10s. 6d.)

"The God That Failed: Six Studies in Communism." With an Introduction by Richard Crossman, M.P. (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.)



## ONE OF THE WORLD'S TROUBLE SPOTS: ERITREA—A LAND OF UNREST.



ROUNDING UP SHIFTA, OR ARMED BANDITS, IN SOUTHERN ERITREA, NEAR THE ETHIOPIAN BORDER: A COLUMN OF TROOPS AND POLICE MOVING OFF ON FOOT ALONG THE ALMOST DRY BED OF THE OBEL RIVER. THE COLUMN CAN COVER SOME 60 SQUARE MILES IN FIVE DAYS.



MEMBERS OF THE ERITREAN POLICE FORCE WITH EIGHT CAPTURED SHIFTA (ARMED BANDITS). THE SHIFTA WOULD PROVIDE ONLY A SIMPLE SECURITY EXERCISE BUT FOR THE SANCTUARY AFFORDED THEM ACROSS THE ETHIOPIAN BORDER.

Since the arrival of the United Nations Commission in Eritrea, and the holding of their first meeting in Asmara on February 14, there has been news of street battles in the capital. On February 22 it was reported that the number of deaths in the riots between Copts and Muslims, which began on the previous day in the native quarter, had increased to more than 40. Nearly 100 were badly wounded on February 21, but there were no British or Italian casualties.

A band of Copts, said to be 300 strong and armed with rifles and hand-grenades, launched an attack on the Muslim quarter on the outskirts of the city. It was met by Muslims armed only with swords, and was later repulsed by the police. The situation on February 22 was described as tense by Mr. F. G. Green, the acting Police Commissioner. An attempt was made to burn the native market, and five shops were gutted.



# DISSENSION IN A FORMER ITALIAN COLONY: SCENES IN BRITISH-ADMINISTERED ERITREA.



PART OF THE DRIVE WHICH PUT THE BANDITS ON THE DEFENSIVE: ARMED TROOPS COLLECTING A FORFEIT OF CATTLE FROM SUSPECTED BANDITS.



WAITING TO GIVE EVIDENCE DURING A TRIAL OF BANDITS IN ASMARA: WITNESSES OUTSIDE A COURT, FOLLOWING LOCAL DISTURBANCES.



CO-OPERATING WITH THE BRITISH TROOPS: AN ERITREAN NATIVE POLICEMAN TYPICAL OF THOSE WHO HAVE SUFFERED CASUALTIES RECENTLY.



LOADING UP HIS ARMoured CAR WITH BROWNING AMMUNITION: A YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER, HELPED BY A NATIVE. OWING TO THE TERRAIN THE ARMoured CAR'S USEFULNESS IS LIMITED.



AN UNSTEADYING ELEMENT IN THE ERITREAN CAPITAL: A GROUP OF THE UNEMPLOYED NATIVES WHO CAN BE SEEN SITTING AROUND IN THE STREETS OF ASMARA.



A SECURITY MEASURE: ARMED CARABINIERI, CARRYING AUTOMATIC WEAPONS AND RIFLES, TRAVEL IN EVERY BUS LEAVING THE MAIN CENTRES.

Eritrea, a former Italian colony, which was under British military administration until early in 1949, when a British civil administration took over, is to-day one of the trouble spots of the world. Eritrea has been the subject of many fruitless discussions at Lake Success and eventually the drafting committee on Italian colonies fell back on a compromise proposal to send a five-Power commission of inquiry to the territory to ascertain more completely the wishes of the people and the best

means of promoting their welfare. Now the United Nations Commission for Eritrea, which has its headquarters in Asmara, is scheduled to report by June 15 to the General Assembly on the disposal of this colony. Before the arrival of the U.N. Commission British troops had been in action against the Shifta, or armed bandit bands, which have been terrorising Italian nationals and Muslim villagers. The Shifta, for centuries part of the Eritrean scene, have in the past had a tradition of

[Continued opposite.]





FOLLOWING THE FUNERAL CORTÈGE OF AN ITALIAN COLONIST WHO WAS MURDERED DURING DISTURBANCES: LOCAL TROOPS, MEMBERS OF THE ERITREAN POLICE FORCE AND CIVILIANS. ASMARA, THE CAPITAL OF ERITREA, IS A MODERN TOWN 7765 FT. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL, WITH 85,000 INHABITANTS.

*Continued.*  
amateur highwayman-ship. Persecution and murder for political reasons are quite new, and it is thought that those parties who want union with Ethiopia are receiving fairly substantial funds to pay Shifta for their services. Apart from the army, Mr. H. V. Rose, who is in charge of the anti-Shifta operations, has organised five "Ferret" forces, soon to be expanded to seventeen, which are used to keep the Shifta moving, if not actually arresting them. Of the so-called political parties in Eritrea, the Unionist Party receives assistance from Ethiopia, which considers that all Eritreans are Ethiopians. There is an Independence bloc, supplied with financial support by the local Italian community and, indirectly, by Italy. Eritrea is a Coptic country, half the population being Copts who have close ties with Ethiopia. Most of the Muslim element would reject union with Ethiopia and many would look towards the Sudan. The riots and savage fighting that started in Asmara after the arrival of the U.N. Commission seem to have dramatically answered the question of whether Eritrea is fit to govern itself.



THE COUNTRY IN WHICH THE "FERRET" FORCES MARCH AND CLIMB DURING THEIR ANTI-BANDIT PATROLS: A TYPICAL ERITREAN SCENE SHOWING THE ARID SCRUBLANDS, WOODED HILLS, AND MOUNTAINOUS SKYLINE.

A LAND OF BANDITS AND POLITICAL STRIFE: ERITREA, WHICH IS NOW BEING VISITED BY A U.N. COMMISSION.



BEFORE I begin this week's subject, I must allude to a passage in last week's. I wrote that foreign affairs had played no part in the General Election campaign, and reflected how unreal some of the catchwords of home politics would be unless the issue of the hydrogen bomb were faced. This was perfectly true when I wrote, but almost at once a very different atmosphere was created by Mr. Churchill, who pressed for what I had advocated in my article, a new direct approach to Russia. It cannot be said that foreign affairs in general, or this feature of them in particular, were excluded from the latter half of the campaign.

There is something particularly melancholy in the bitter dispute now in progress between France and Poland, because of the long history of friendly relations between the two countries, which were maintained when Poland was partitioned among her predatory neighbours. After a period of recriminations, arrests and expulsions by both countries of each other's citizens, a State trial involving four Poles and two Frenchmen on charges of espionage came to an end on February 14. M. André Robineau, a young Consular official and the son of the Director of the French Institute in Warsaw, received a sentence of twelve years. (Here it may be said that, although Consular officials do not in theory benefit from diplomatic immunity, it has been the almost universal tradition and practice among civilised nations to extend it to them, to expel them if they are held to be undesirable, but not to lay hands upon them.) M. Druet, an electrical engineer, was sentenced to ten years imprisonment. One of the Poles was condemned to death. The severity of the sentences, which might be characterised as savage, caused general astonishment. It has been suggested that M. Robineau was tricked into a confession by the promise of a light sentence, but this can only be speculation.

What is clear is that there was little in the information, if anything. It looks indeed as if a foreigner in this country could have obtained as much without laying himself open to a charge by watching the shipping at Portsmouth. It may be that some odd things are going on at the port of Stettin about which the Polish authorities appear to be highly sensitive. On the whole, however, it is most likely that the trial and verdict are intended as a stern warning, more even to Poles than to foreigners, and that they are not unconnected with the appointment of Marshal Rokossovsky as Polish Minister of War. In some of the satellite countries freedom of movement is still much greater than in Soviet Russia itself, and it seems that there is a general tightening-up in progress which may be expected in the long run to do away with this distinction, and to prevent all foreigners from seeing anything except the street in which they live, unless they are conducted by official guides. Perhaps conditions will never be quite so strict among the satellites as in Russia, because Russia cares rather less what people see in them, but it is important for the Russians to possess absolute power to suppress observation when necessary and to be able to terrorise the potential informer.

There are very few Frenchmen in Poland, but, despite the great numbers who have returned to their own country, there must be nearly 400,000 Poles in France. After the First World War, French manhood was crippled by the losses sustained in battle. The gap was filled by Poles, who worked in mines, heavy industries and agriculture. Great numbers of young women entered domestic service. The thing became so important that it was regulated by an agreement registered with the League of Nations. After the Second World War the numbers were increased from the camps of displaced persons, of whom Poles formed a high proportion. Now, however, the new Polish Government are anxious that its nationals should return. It was assisted by the French Government, with the result that many did go back. The Polish population in France did not, however, sink below the 400,000 to which it had first risen in the 'twenties, not including the substantial numbers already naturalised. Moreover, this population is closely concentrated, half of it being in two French departments, the Pas de Calais and the Nord. On reaching the age of eighteen a Pole in France automatically becomes a French citizen, unless he or she opts for Polish nationality.

This constitutes the French problem of which we have heard something since the Franco-Polish dispute began. What we have not heard, perhaps because election news has crowded out the information, is that it is a problem which has been quietly solving itself. To Soviet Russia and Russian-dominated Poland it seemed after the war that this great Polish element in France, especially in view of the compactness of its grouping, opened up marvellous opportunities for propaganda, not only directly upon the Poles themselves, but also through them on the French population around them. They rose to the occasion, though they must have realised how unfertile was some of the ground they had to plough when a mass demonstration against Russian domination of Poland took place. There

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE TRAGEDY OF FRANCO-POLISH RELATIONS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

is not much Communism in the general Polish mentality, however strong Polish Communism may be for the moment. Yet the propagandists did make good progress at first, as might have been expected from the warm aid they received from the French Communist Party, then a partner in the French Government. The method was the favourite one of setting up a number of cultural or welfare organisations, while keeping naked Communism more or less in the background. You can guess the sort of names they bore: "Help to the Fatherland" was one.



THE TRIAL OF M. ANDRÉ ROBINEAU, A YOUNG FRENCH CONSULAR OFFICIAL (SECOND FROM LEFT, SECOND ROW), M. DRUET, A FRENCH ELECTRICAL ENGINEER, AND FOUR POLES, FOR ALLEGED ESPIONAGE: THE SCENE IN THE COURT AT STETTIN (SZCZECIN).



FOUND GUILTY OF ESPIONAGE BY A MILITARY COURT IN BRESLAU (WROCLAW) AND CONDEMNED TO A TERM OF IMPRISONMENT: YVONNE BASSALER, A FRENCH NATIONAL, DURING HER TRIAL.

"There is something particularly melancholy in the bitter dispute now in progress between France and Poland, because of the long history of friendly relations between the two countries . . .", writes Captain Cyril Falls in the article on this page. "After a period of recriminations, arrests and expulsions by both countries of each other's citizens, a State trial involving four Poles and two Frenchmen on charges of espionage came to an end on February 14. M. André Robineau, a young Consular official and the son of the Director of the French Institute in Warsaw, received a sentence of twelve years." M. Druet, the electrical engineer, was given a sentence of ten years, and one Pole was condemned to death. "A previous trial involving four French nationals took place in Breslau (Wroclaw) in December, 1949, and all the accused were found guilty, and sentenced to terms of imprisonment up to nine years. They included a twenty-nine-year-old Frenchwoman, Yvonne Bassaler.

The classic method, which is still the best, the foundation of a daily newspaper, was not omitted. This was, in fact, largely distributed free. A fortnightly review was used to support it. Then it was discovered that the old Franco-Polish convention, of which I have spoken, could be most useful. The Polish Government retained the right to send over school inspectors and a number of teachers. The Communists got rid of unsatisfactory teachers and were actually permitted to send over fresh ones, who had been specially coached for their task. These missionaries were from time to time summoned to conferences both in France and in Poland, at which they reported on their progress and received fresh instructions or indoctrination. It would almost seem that France was inviting the peril into her

midst. There is no doubt that a great deal of harm has been done by the corruption of Polish schoolchildren, but the adult propaganda was not for long successful. In the last couple of years the numbers enrolled in the Central Communist organisation among the Poles dropped to about a quarter of its maximum strength after the war. That was my meaning when I wrote that the problem had been

quietly solving itself.

Nevertheless, there was enough left to induce the French Government to take strong action. It expelled first of all officials of the various organisations. These were followed by school inspectors and teachers who had, in the view of the Ministry of the Interior, not confined themselves to their ostensible duties, but conducted an active campaign in the cause of Communism. Seizures of documents in Paris and Lille produced *prima facie* evidence of subversive activity on a dangerous scale. It was decided to submit these to the courts and, if necessary, to obtain

the dissolution of the Polish organisations concerned. My information is not quite up-to-date on this side of the question, but I have seen an unconfirmed report that one or two of the organisations have already been condemned and dissolved. It has been reported that evidence has been found to the effect that the central organisation took a part in fomenting the great strikes of 1947 and 1948. Altogether, the large Polish colony in France has been used, though not with invariable success, as a bridgehead of Communism. This is a disturbing situation, and it is not astonishing that the French Government should at last have passed to strong measures.

Fortunately, there is no sign of action in the nature of panic. The test to which the Poles in France were subjected was extremely severe. Everything was easy for the Communist propagandists, who worked in ideal conditions. Yet, as I have pointed out, their success was only limited. Before he, with the other Socialist Ministers, left the Government of M. Bidault, M. Jules Moch, then Minister of the Interior, reported that the adherents of the Warsaw Government were a very small minority of the Poles domiciled in France, and that the great majority of these had no sympathy with the action which it had helped

to engineer in their adopted country. He went on to say that the French Government did not in future intend to give the minority a free hand in its efforts to permeate and dominate the whole Polish community in France. These events are not without interest for us. In this country there is also a considerable Polish population, though it is much smaller than in France and not concentrated as there into large blocks. Are we to suppose that it constitutes a danger?

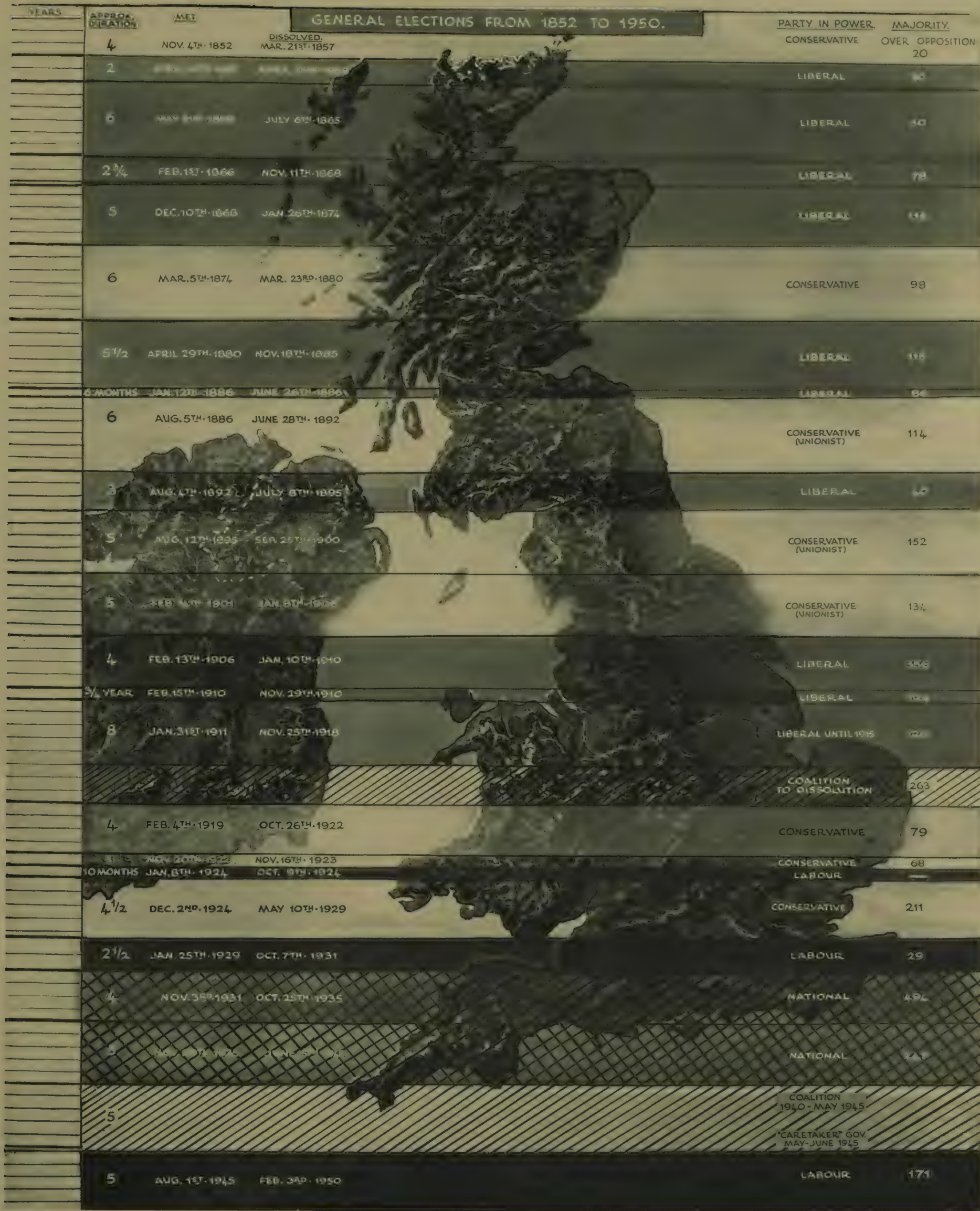
My own view is that it represents a smaller danger than sections of our own people. At the same time we have to remember that any community containing numbers of people with limited education which is exposed to full-scale modern propaganda will eventually show signs of its effects.

The Franco-Polish crisis is just one more incident in the cold war. In Poland the results are likely to extend far beyond Franco-Polish relations, and to become the starting-point of a scheme to plunge the country into the chill waters of isolation from the West, secrecy and suspicion. I have called it a tragedy, in view of the hereditary friendship of the French and the Poles. Yet we need not suppose that sentiments which have survived so many vicissitudes will be entirely extinguished by what has recently occurred. The spark will go on living beneath the white ashes. If the world does not destroy itself, some day there will be a new opportunity for the expression of Franco-Polish friendship, and then it will be found that in fact this had never entirely ceased to exist. Meanwhile, the Polish community in France, for the time being cut off from its roots, is likely to move more rapidly towards the adoption of French nationality. No other course appears to be open to it.

On the whole, France appears to have been fortunate in that more damage has not been done. It is difficult and dangerous to prophesy in these days, but the situation as regards the Polish colonists appears to be well in hand. If, however, this is the case, the good fortune of France is not, as I read the picture, to be attributed entirely to her own wisdom and perspicacity—indeed, very far from it. She owes at least as much to the sturdy individualism and religious sentiments of the average Polish settler. The man who becomes a Communist has generally first lost his purpose and his faith, and is desperately seeking for new ones.

Let us remember that all exiles, all "displaced persons" need some new stimulus to replace that which they have lost, and that without it they may become the victims of the charlatan. This applies as much to the Poles in the United Kingdom as to those in France.





THE FLUCTUATING FORTUNES OF BRITAIN'S POLITICAL PARTIES OVER THE LAST HUNDRED YEARS: A DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE DURATION OF PARLIAMENTS AND THE MAJORITIES OF GOVERNMENTS FROM 1852 TO 1950.

With only one result outstanding, the Labour majority over all parties in the General Election was seven, the smallest for over 100 years. On this page we show the Parties which have held power since 1852 with the duration of their term of office and their majorities over the Opposition. In some cases the majority given includes the parties allied to the Government. For example, in 1910 the Liberals had a majority of two over the Conservatives, but formed a Government with the support of 40 Labour M.P.s and 82 Irish Nationalists, an overall majority of 124. In 1924

the first Labour Government took office although in a minority, but it had the support of the Liberals. In 1852, with a majority of 20, a Conservative Government remained in office for over four years, while in 1929 a Labour Government with a majority of 29 over the Conservatives held office for two-and-a-half years. In the last 102 years the Conservatives and Unionists, excluding their participation in National and Coalition Governments, have held office for a total of 32 years and the Liberals for 34.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.

*This contains error  
Corrected version appeared  
in ILN Nov 3 1951*



## WOMEN MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT: SUCCESSFUL



**MISS P. HORNSBY-SMITH (CONSERVATIVE).**  
Elected M.P. for Chislehurst with a majority of 187 over the Socialist in a three-cornered fight. Miss Hornsby-Smith, who is thirty-five, became Conservative candidate for the Division in 1946. She was secretary to the East of Salisbury when he was Minister for Economic Warfare from 1941 to 1945. Beginning her political career in the old Junior Imperial League, she later took an active part in the Young Conservative movement and has been prominent in other sections of the Conservative organisation.



**LADY TWEEDSMUIR (CONSERVATIVE).**  
Elected M.P. for Aberdeen South with a majority of 6825 votes over the Socialist in a three-cornered fight. Lady Tweedsmuir, who was born in 1915, and educated in England, Germany and France, was unsuccessful in North Aberdeen in the 1945 election, but a year later won this constituency in a by-election. Her first husband, Sir Arthur Grant, was killed in action, and she married Lord Tweedsmuir in 1948. She is a governor of the British Film Institute.



**LADY DAVIDSON (CONSERVATIVE).**  
Elected M.P. for Hemel Hempstead with a majority of 6857 votes over the Socialist in a three-cornered fight. Viscountess Davidson was elected in 1927, succeeding her husband when he was raised to the peerage. After the 1945 election she was for a time the only woman Conservative Member. She is the fourth generation of her family to sit in the Commons, her father, grandfather and great-grandfather all having been M.P.s. Lady Davidson had a majority of 5110 in 1945.



**MISS E. BURTON (LABOUR).**  
Elected M.P. for Coventry South with a majority of 6092 over the Conservative, Mr. Hore-Belisha, in a three-cornered fight. Miss Burton, born in 1904, taught in Leeds for eleven years and afterwards worked for the South Wales Council of Social Service. She is a founder member of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women. She organised keep-fit schemes and swimming in various London centres.



**MRS. A. CULLEN (LABOUR).**  
Elected M.P. for the Gorbals Division of Glasgow with a majority of 10,997 votes over the Conservative in a four-cornered fight. Mrs. Cullen, who was born in 1892, followed Mr. C. Buchanan in the representation of the Division at a by-election in 1949. She is a housewife who found time from her domestic duties to be a magistrate. There are altogether four women M.P.s for Scottish constituencies.



**MRS. F. CORBETT (LABOUR).**  
Elected M.P. for Peckham with a majority of 19,300 votes over the Conservative in a four-cornered fight. Born in 1900, Mrs. Corbett was educated at University College, London, and became a teacher, lecturer, and barrister. She has held this seat since 1945. She served for many years on the London County Council and was a Chief Whip of the Party there. In 1948 she was a member of the United Kingdom delegation to the United Nations in Paris.



**MRS. D. REES (LABOUR).**  
Elected M.P. for Barry with a majority of 1025 votes over the Conservative in a three-cornered fight. Mrs. Rees was at one time a schoolteacher and was formerly a member of Barry Borough Council. She is an Alderman of Glamorgan County Council and a member of the National Advisory Committee for National Insurance. Barry is a new constituency and was formerly part of Llandaf and Barry.



**DR. EDITH SUMMERSKILL (LABOUR).**  
Elected M.P. for Fulham West with a majority of 2849 over the Conservative in a three-cornered fight. Dr. Summerskill was appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food in 1945 and is a Privy Counsellor. Born in 1901, she became a doctor in 1924 and was in practice until 1931. She is married to a doctor and has two children. From 1932 to 1938 she served on the Middlesex County Council, and was elected to Parliament in 1938.



**MRS. B. CASTLE (LABOUR).**  
Elected M.P. for East Blackburn with a majority of 6818 votes over the Conservative in a three-cornered fight. Mrs. Castle, who is thirty-eight, was one of the two M.P.s for Blackburn in the last Parliament. She won a scholarship to St. Hugh's College, Oxford, and entered journalism. An administrative officer in the Ministry of Food until her election to Parliament in 1945, she was later Parliamentary Private Secretary to Sir Stafford Cripps when he was at the Board of Trade, and to his successor, Mr. H. Wilson.



**MISS A. BACON (LABOUR).**  
Elected M.P. for North-East Leeds with a majority of 6819 votes over the Conservative in a four-cornered fight. Miss Bacon, who was the seat in 1945, is a schoolteacher and the daughter of a miner. She is the chairwoman of the National Executive of the Labour Party. Previously she had been secretary of the West Riding Federation of Women's League of Youth. She has been on Labour Party delegations to the United States, Vienna, and Israel.

At the February, 1950, election, out of a record number of 126 women, only 20 were returned to the new Parliament, although there is now the possibility of another being added to this number if Miss Florence Horsburgh, Conservative candidate in the forthcoming election in the Moss Side Division

of Manchester, is successful. Out of the 20 women M.P.s elected on February 23, fourteen are Socialists, five Conservatives, and one a Liberal. In the last Parliament there were nineteen women, and now the Socialists have two fewer and the Conservatives three more. Lady Megan Lloyd-George retains

## CANDIDATES FOR WESTMINSTER IN THE ELECTION.



**MRS. E. HILL (CONSERVATIVE).**  
Elected M.P. for Wymondshaven with a majority of 5584 votes over the Socialist in a four-cornered fight. Mrs. Hill, who is fifty-two, has lived all her life in Manchester and has been a member of the City Council for fourteen years. Since 1943 she has been Manchester Organizer of the W.V.S. She has also been chairman of the local Poverty Fund Committee, the Health Committee of the City Council, and the South Manchester Hospital Management Committee.



**MISS IRENE WARD (CONSERVATIVE).**  
Elected M.P. for Tynemouth with a majority of 5637 votes over the Socialist in a three-cornered fight. Miss Ward, who was M.P. for Wallasey, 1931-45, entered politics at twenty-four and twice defeated Miss Margaret Bondfield at Wallasey. In Parliament she gave great attention to the industrial needs of Tyneside, and also promoted a private Bill enabling local authorities to pay pocket money to old people in institutions.



**LADY MEGAN LLOYD-GEORGE (LIBERAL).**  
Elected M.P. for Anglesey with a majority of 1929 votes over the Socialist in a three-cornered fight. Lady Megan Lloyd-George, who is forty-seven, is the younger daughter of the late Earl Lloyd-George, and vice-president of the Liberal Party. She has been M.P. for Anglesey since 1929 and is the senior woman M.P. in the House of Commons. In 1944-45 she was chairman of the Welsh Parliamentary Party, and is a member of the British Council, National Federation of Women's Institutes; she is also on the B.B.C. Committee of Inquiry.



**MISS MARGARET HERRISON (LABOUR).**  
Elected M.P. for North Lanark with a majority of 7350 votes over the Conservative in a three-cornered fight. Miss Herrison won this constituency for the Conservatives in 1945. Born in 1907, and educated at Glasgow University, she is a teacher. A daughter of a miner, she has been associated with the Labour movement all her life and is the only woman member of the Miners' Welfare Commission; she is also a member of the National Executive of the Labour Party.



**MRS. L. MIDDLETON (LABOUR).**  
Elected M.P. for the Sutton Division of Plymouth with a majority of 924 votes over the Conservative in a three-cornered fight. Mrs. Middleton, Member for this constituency since 1945, stood for South Paddington in 1931 and Pudsey and Otley in 1935. Born in 1894, she became a teacher in Bristol and Gloucestershire and an active worker in the Labour cause. In 1935 she married Mr. J. S. Middleton, a former national secretary of the Labour Party. In 1945 she had a majority of 4679.



**MRS. E. M. BRADNOCK (LABOUR).**  
Elected M.P. for the Exchange Division of Liverpool with a majority of 3342 votes over the Conservative in a three-cornered fight. Mrs. Bradnock won this seat from Sir John Shuter in 1945. With her husband, Mr. John Bradnock, leader of the local Labour Party, she has given long service to municipal affairs. She inherited her interest in public life from her mother. In 1945, Mrs. Bradnock gained this seat with a majority of 669 in a straight fight.



**MRS. C. S. GANLEY (CO-OP AND LABOUR).**  
Elected M.P. for Battersea South with a majority of 366 votes over the Conservative in a three-cornered fight. Mrs. Ganley was born in 1879 and had an elementary school education. For many years she has been active in public life as a school manager and governor, and as a member of Battersea Council and the London County Council. She was also a director of London Co-operative Society for twenty-eight years, and four times president. In the 1945 election Mrs. Ganley had a majority of 7225 in a straight fight.



**MISS JENNIE LEE (LABOUR).**  
Elected M.P. for Cannock with a majority of 17,455 votes in a straight fight with a Conservative and National Liberal candidate. Miss Lee, who was born in 1904, is the daughter of a miner and the wife of a teacher and later a journalist. She is joint-editor of the *Trishier*, which before 1945 was edited by her husband. Miss Lee first sat in Parliament from 1929 to 1931 for North Lanark, and was returned in 1945 for Cannock.



**MRS. E. WHITE (LABOUR).**  
Elected M.P. for East Flint with a majority of 6697 votes over the Conservative in a three-cornered fight. Mrs. White, unsuccessful in her contest in 1945, was born in 1909, a daughter of Dr. T. Jones, a deputy secretary of the Cabinet in the days of Mr. Lloyd-George, and was formerly in the Civil Service and later a political journalist. She is on the National Executive of the Labour Party, a governor of the British Film Institute, and a member of the Board of Trade Films Council.



**MRS. JEAN MANN (LABOUR).**  
Elected M.P. for South-East London with a majority of 5787 votes over the Conservative in a three-cornered fight. Mrs. Mann, who is thirty, was elected to South-East London in 1945. She has been closely associated with housing reform, and was housing convenor of Glasgow Corporation. She is vice-president of the Scottish Housing and Town Planning Council and organising secretary of the Town and Country Planning Association. She served on the housing advisory council set up by the Secretary of State.

her place as the only woman Liberal. All nine women Communist candidates were defeated. Five women Socialist M.P.s in the last Parliament were beaten. They are Mrs. Mabel Ridsdale (Ilford North), Miss Grace Colman (Tyneside), Mrs. Barbara Ayton-Gould (Hendon North), Mrs. Muriel Nichol

(Bradford North), and Mrs. Lesh Manning (Epping). The woman who scored an outstanding success was Miss Patricia Hornsby-Smith, who gained Chislehurst for the Conservatives from Mr. G. D. Wallace, Assistant Government Whip. She won what was regarded as a strongly-held Socialist seat.



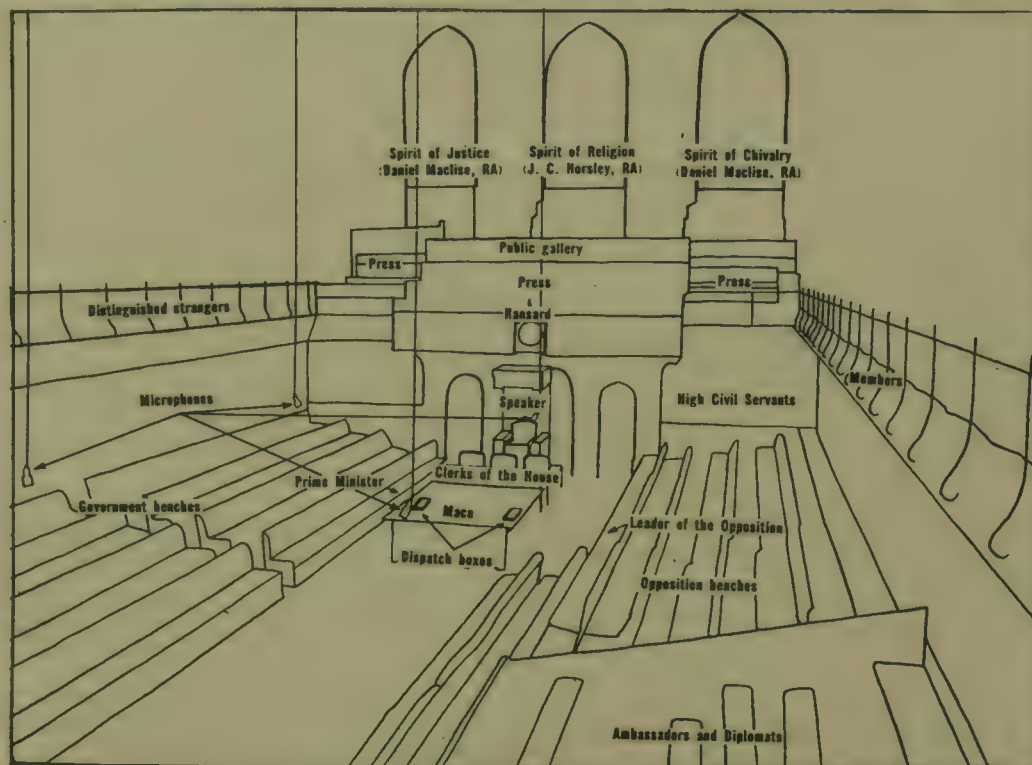
## THE LORDS' CHAMBER, WHERE THE NEW PARLIAMENT WILL SIT.



USED BY THE COMMONS FOR MOST OF THE TIME SINCE THE BOMBING OF MAY 1941: THE LORDS' CHAMBER, WHERE THE NEW PARLIAMENT WILL MEET AFTER THE STATE OPENING ON MARCH 6. GOVERNMENT BENCHES ARE LEFT, AND THE OPPOSITION BENCHES RIGHT.

ACCORDING to the original arrangements made for the assembly of the new Parliament, the Members were due to meet on Wednesday, March 1, to carry out the ceremony of electing a Speaker. The House was due to be in session on Thursday and Friday at intervals for the swearing-in of Members, and his Majesty has arranged to open Parliament in the House of Lords on the morning of Monday, March 6. This means that the Commons will have to meet first in another temporary Chamber, as it is the Lords' Chamber which they have occupied since the old Commons was "Blitzed" by enemy action in May, 1941. Thus, in the morning they are to meet in St. Stephen's Hall. When the debate on the Address in reply to the King's Speech begins in the afternoon, they will move into the Lords' Chamber and the Peers will go back to their temporary quarters in the King's Robing Room. If this Parliament lasts a sufficiently long time, Members may have the unusual experience of meeting in three different places in the course of a few months, as the rebuilt Commons should be ready in the autumn. Our

[Continued opposite.



Continued.] photograph, which is amplified by a plan, shows the Lords' Chamber in course of preparation for the new Parliament. In the right foreground seating arrangements are being altered to accommodate ambassadors and diplomats, while some of the Opposition benches have been moved away from the Speaker's Chair as a temporary arrangement until after the State Opening. When they are replaced, the Leader of the Opposition will occupy the third bench, and sit opposite to the Despatch Box. James Pope-Hennessy, writing in "The Houses of Parliament" (Batsford, 1945), describes the Lords' Chamber in the following words: "... this is not just one more fanciful Victorian room. It is sumptuous but dignified, showy yet rather grand, full of symbols yet not impersonal. . . ." The bronze figures between the tall windows represent those "tough English benefactors," the Magna Charta barons. The Bar, behind which Speaker and Commons stand when summoned by the Sovereign to hear the Royal speech at the opening of Parliament, is of wrought bronze, and occupies the north end. At the south end is the dais bearing the Chairs of State, the Canopy and the Throne.





**A PRIME MINISTER WITH A PROBLEM: MR. CLEMENT ATTLEE, WHO HAS DECIDED TO CONTINUE IN OFFICE.**

Including the last three election results, announced on February 27, and excluding the Moss Side Division of Manchester where polling takes place on March 9 owing to the death of the Conservative candidate, the Labour Party hold 315 seats, Conservatives (and associates) 296, Liberals 9, Irish Nationalists 2, Ind. Liberal 1, and the Speaker 1. Thus the Labour Party have a majority of 7 over all other parties. There was a record poll of 28,700,091 from a total electorate of 33,579,253, of which 13,242,436 voted Labour and 12,450,404 voted Conservative. Mr. Attlee held

a meeting of the Cabinet on February 25 to consider the situation rising from the General Election and as a result it was announced that the Prime Minister had decided that it was the duty of the present administration to continue in office. It is generally considered that the Labour Party's majority is too small to permit the Government to function effectively, and another General Election is expected within a year as the difficulties on the Government side of maintaining a full attendance in the House will be very great. [Exclusive portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa.]





ELECTION-NIGHT FEVER IN THE WEST END—CHEERING A CONSERVATIVE GAIN: DINERS-OUT AT A LONDON

London on Election Night reflected the tremendous interest in the issues involved expressed in the record poll. Elsewhere in this issue we illustrate the vast crowds which assembled in Trafalgar Square and Piccadilly Circus, where the results were displayed as they became known; here we show how diners-out were able to share in the general excitement and follow the fluctuating fortunes of the Parties they

support. Arrangements were made in many of the major West End restaurants to enable their patrons to obtain the results as soon as they were known. At the Savoy Hotel a large indicator-board was erected at one end of the restaurant, with panels swinging on pivots. The latest results were pasted up and the panel was swung into position, to be greeted by cheers and counter-cheers. Groans greeted the victory of

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST,



RESTAURANT FOLLOWING THE FLUCTUATING FORTUNES OF THE PARTIES ON AN INDICATOR-BOARD.

Mr. M. Foot over Mr. Randolph Churchill at Plymouth, while the victory of Dr. Charles Hill, known to millions as the "Radio Doctor," at Luton, received an especially enthusiastic reception. His broadcast in the election series was regarded by many people as the most forthright and refreshing given. The atmosphere at the Savoy was lively, and the excitement so intense that when our Artist left at 3.30 a.m. the

CAPTAIN BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

restaurant was still crowded. The Liberals put up 471 candidates, secured 9 seats and forfeited 314 deposits, having held 10 seats in the old House. The Communists had 100 candidates, lost 93 deposits, and did not win a seat, having had two representatives in the old House. Only one Independent, the member for Ross and Cromarty, was returned. Polling in the Moss Side division of Manchester takes place on March 7.





WATCHING THE FIRST RESULTS COME IN: THE SCENE ON ELECTION NIGHT IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE, WHERE THOUSANDS STUDIED THE SCREENS UNDER THE BLUE GLARE OF TELEVISION FLOODLIGHTS.

On the front page of this issue we show a photograph of the Election Night scene in Piccadilly Circus. Here we show the scene in Trafalgar Square, drawn by our Artist from the general viewpoint of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, looking across the Square and past the fountains and Nelson's Column towards Whitehall, Admiralty Arch and the Canadian Pacific building, whose façade carried the illuminated screen on which the results were flashed. Although it was wet underfoot and some showers of rain fell, there were between 10,000 and 12,000 people in the Square, most

of them young people, who had been too young to vote before the war and who had probably been away with the Forces in 1945; and the atmosphere was one of good-humoured excitement. Whenever a Conservative Victory was announced, Mr. Churchill's face appeared on the screen, blue balloons went up, and a bugler sounded the Reveille; whenever a Socialist victory was announced, Mr. Attlee's portrait appeared, red and yellow balloons went up and the bugler sounded the Last Post. Floodlights lit up the scene for the benefit of television cameras; and the television

system maintained a series of commentaries and results from 10.30 until 2 a.m. At 3 a.m. the state of the parties was: Socialists, 135; Conservatives, 73; and Liberals, 1—and the excitement was yet to come. By 9 o'clock on the morning of February 24 the Socialists had 163 seats and the Conservatives 102. By noon the Conservatives had made a little ground and had 107 against the Socialist 163. By 2 p.m. the gap was beginning to close—Socialists, 205; Conservatives, 170; It was still closing at 3 p.m.—Socialists, 233; Conservatives, 214; and when at 4 p.m. the Socialists had 256, the

Conservatives were only 11 behind; and by 5 p.m. the gap had shrunk to 6. After this the Socialists drew away a little, but it was not until 8.19 p.m. that they reached 313 seats and were assured of a bare majority over all other parties. By the evening of Monday, February 27, their position was hardly more satisfactory; the figures then reading: Socialists, 315; Conservatives and associates, 236; Liberals, 9; Independent Liberals, 1; Irish Nationalists, 2; Speaker, 1. Owing to the death of the Conservative Candidate the Moss Side election will not be held until March 9.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY STEPHEN BONE.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



THE true wild Viola species are mostly mountain, meadow and moorland plants. In the garden, therefore, they find their most appropriate setting in the rock garden, in small mixed borders reserved for small, choice plants, and as fillers of odd corners. It is only the bedding violas and the big pansies that can hold their own in the full-blooded herbaceous borders. For general garden purposes, *Viola cornuta* is probably the most valuable, and one of the most beautiful of all the true species. But too often folk fail to realise this, or refuse to admit it. Too often superior persons dismiss *cornuta* as "that common old thing."

There are two sorts of commonness, both among flowers and in other things. There is the commonness of frequent occurrence, and there is the commonness which is akin to vulgarity. It is only when a plant achieves both qualities that it becomes a real garden menace. I remember when the rose "Crimson Rambler" burst into popularity some fifty years ago. Before long, half England was red and raw with the beastly thing. It took some years for gardeners to realise the double commonness of "Crimson Rambler," and for the epidemic to work itself out. It was followed by an outbreak of "Dorothy Perkins," which spread throughout the land—a clinging, cloying, pale-pink rash.

Every gardener knows *Viola cornuta*, with its close, evergreen sward of leaves and clear mauve little pansies on stems of convenient length, its contentment in sun or shade and in any reasonable soil, and its long flowering season. There are deep violet and pure white varieties, all equally amenable and desirable. Common old thing, forsooth! In one of the best gardens in all England, not very far from where I live, there is a great bed, many square yards in extent, in which grow nothing but *Viola cornuta* and the yellow Welsh poppy, *Meconopsis cambrica*. These two good companions have been there for over forty years, undisturbed and untouched, except for occasional necessary weeding. Year after year, over a long summer period, they make as lovely a half-wild garden scene as one could wish for. *Viola gracilis* has much the same evergreen, turf-forming habit as *cornuta*; rather more compact, and perhaps not quite so persistently perennial. The flowers, very graceful in butterfly outline, are purest violet, very rich and deep in tone, and each has a small, clear, white eye. They are carried on erect, wiry stems in great profusion, and over a long early summer period. *Viola gracilis* is an absolutely first-rate plant for rock-garden or flower-border edging. It was at the height of its popularity about twenty or thirty years ago, and gave rise to innumerable seedling forms—white, lavender, sulphur and gold—to which fancy names were given. Every one of them was a delight, yet not one had quite the rich imperial splendour of the true wild *gracilis* from Greece. Then, six or eight years ago, I woke up to the fact that it was some time since I had seen the true *Viola gracilis*. I made enquiries, and found that others had begun to miss the plant. I have searched innumerable gardens and nurseries, and bought so-called *gracilis* time after time, often with assurances that this was the true thing; but *gracilis* appears to be extinct. I have come very near the true plant, but never pure *gracilis* with its unmistakable butterfly outline and imperial purple with the small snow-white eye. It is possible, even probable, that true *gracilis* still exists somewhere, in some garden, and if it can be discovered and restored to general cultivation it will be an outsize boon. It is surprising that such a grand plant, a sound perennial, and easily propagated by cuttings, should have vanished so suddenly and so completely.

*Viola bosniaca* is a pretty rock-garden species, with rosy pink flowers. Perhaps rosy lilac is nearer the mark. It is not a plant that lives very long. A

## VIOLAS—II.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

year or two, but seldom more. But it is easily raised from seed. *Viola savatilis atolica* is another short-lived but free-seeding species, neat and compact in habit, with charming heart's-ease flowers of a clear buttercup gold, and very square and solid in outline. *Viola calcarata* is the brilliant mountain pansy which spangles the short Alpine turf and flowered lawns at 6,000 and 7,000 ft. in June. In colour and tone it



A MAGNIFICENT HERBARIUM SPECIMEN OF *Viola delphinantha*, WHICH SUPPORTS MR. ELLIOTT'S CLAIM THAT IT IS A PLANT OF EXCEPTIONAL BEAUTY.

This specimen was collected by a Bulgarian botanist on Mt. Ali-Botush, near Paril, a south-western outlier of the Rhodope Mountains, in South Bulgaria. The species is only known to grow on this mountain and on Mt. Athos and on Mt. Olympus, in Thessaly, where it is found in fissures of calcareous rock. The flower stems are about three inches long. [By courtesy of Mr. W. T. Stearn.]



A SPANISH RELATIVE OF *Viola delphinantha*: THE CLOSELY-ALLIED *Viola cazorlensis*.

As can be seen, this charming viola is very closely allied to *Viola delphinantha*. There is no parallel plant in Italy, and the fact that the Balkans and the Iberian peninsula are much older geologically than Italy points to the great antiquity of these two *Viola* species. The plant shown, which was grown by Ingwersens, Ltd., received the Award of Merit.

Photograph by R. G. Malby and Co.

varies endlessly—lavender, mauve, purple, gold, sulphur, white, and sometimes rosy lilac or almost pure pink. Growing wild among gentians and potentillas, forget-me-nots, pinks, silenes and the rest, it has tempted me time after time to bring home roots of its more attractive forms. In my garden it lives, but refuses to flower. Probably it is a question of soil. Always I have lived and gardened where there was either chalk or limestone. In a friend's garden in Scotland, on acid peaty loam, I have seen the

lovely *Viola calcarata* flowering like a mad thing. I have greater hopes of *Viola cenisia*. I collected it in the Dauphiné Alps last summer, growing in rough limestone scree at about 8000 ft. The plants travelled well, and now look happy and well established in rather harsh lime gravel. Neat, compact tufts of small,

rather dark leaves. The flowers of *cenisia* are roundish, the size of a fingernail, clear lavender mauve, and with several short, dark crow's-foot around the eye. The North American *Viola pedata* is a distinct and most attractive species, with its curious bird's-foot leaves and lavender-blue flowers. The variety *bicolor*, lavender and violet, is even more attractive. It may flourish in some gardens, but on the whole it is not easy to grow. It is significant that one sees it more often in exhibits at the shows than established in gardens, and that when, for several years, the importation of plants dries up, *Viola pedata* is no more seen, even in exhibits at shows.

*Viola biflora* is an Alpine or sub-Alpine species, a shade lover, with smooth, fresh green leaves and small, bright yellow violets, carried in pairs. It forms a thick, fleshy perennial rootstock and seeds profusely. Almost too profusely, unless you plant it with tact among the right companions. It's a cheery, amusing little thing to have about the garden, in the shade of trees, among shrubs, or under the north wall of the house, among such things as Welsh poppies, ferns, polyanthus, Solomon's Seal and such-like.

Some twenty or twenty-five years ago, somebody—I forget his name—sent me a photograph of *Viola delphinantha*, with the offer of a packet of seed at a somewhat shattering price. But the viola looked such a shattering beauty that I sent a cheque. The photograph showed a mass of well-formed violet flowers, tightly packed in a great solid clot on the vertical face of its native cliff. Having bought, I looked up *V. delphinantha* in Farrer's "English Rock Garden," and read: "Seems difficult to grow and not much fun when grown, as it does not flower readily, nor give notable pleasure when it does. It has all the look of a rather miserable Delphinium as it arises on Athos and Olympus with specially narrow leaves and erect stems." The seed arrived, and came up well. The bulk of the youngsters were potted and kept for a while in an Alpine house—where they died. But one specimen I planted in a

deep hole in a great tufa boulder, where it lives, flourishes and flowers to this day. Apparently it is a passionately saxatile species, and hates glass protection. Each spring it makes a dense tuft of thread-fine 3-in. stems, clothed with heath-like leaves. The flowers are largish and roundish, pure pink, and have an absurdly long pink spur, which curves downward and forward to protrude from under the chin of the flower. In autumn the plant dies down, ready to erupt again next spring. It has given seed, and cuttings have been struck. A few specimens have been given away, and five or six youngsters are established here in other rock crevices. With luck and patience, *Viola delphinantha* should some day become available to rock gardeners, but it must necessarily be a slow process—unless another packet of seed should turn up. I am thankful that I ordered my original seed before reading Farrer's misleading description. He must

have fabricated it from some dried herbarium specimen, never having seen the living plant nor tried to grow it. It is a plant of exceptional beauty, and not difficult to grow—if you give it what it wants. I am thankful, too, that the photograph of *delphinantha* growing in its cliff crevice gave me the hint and caused that slight rush of brains to the head, which led to my giving one small specimen a colourable imitation of the cliff conditions which alone would please it.





# RESCUE, CEREMONIAL AND DISPLAY: EVENTS AND OCCASIONS ON LAND AND SEA.



HONOURING RUSSIAN SOLDIERS KILLED IN GERMANY AND DURING THE SIEGE OF BERLIN:  
RED ARMY MEN AT THE MEMORIAL IN THE TREPTOWER PARK.

On February 23 the Soviet Union celebrated the thirty-second anniversary of the Soviet Army. In the Russian sector of Berlin over 5000 men of the Red Army and representatives of the East European States paid homage to the Russian soldiers killed in the fighting in Germany and during the siege of Berlin, at the Russian War Memorial in the Treptower Park. The 60-ft. high memorial of bronze and marble, depicting a Russian soldier, sword in hand, was laden with wreaths and flowers.



TRIBUTE TO THE RUSSIAN DEAD: RED ARMY MEN AT THE SOVIET WAR MEMORIAL  
IN THE TREPTOWER PARK, IN THE RUSSIAN SECTOR OF BERLIN, ON FEBRUARY 23.



A BLAZING FREIGHTER WHICH CONTAINS EIGHTY BOMBS: THE *BENLEDI*, WHICH HAD TO  
BE ABANDONED BY HER CREW, WHO WERE PICKED UP UNINJURED FROM LIFEBOATS.  
The Leith freighter *Benledi* (6318 tons) caught fire on February 24, 160 miles east of Malta *en route* for Hong Kong from Southampton. The crew were picked up uninjured from lifeboats by the tanker *British Liberty*, and transferred to the British destroyer *Childers* (1730 tons), which had for three hours endeavoured to extinguish the blaze. The fire in one hold was mastered, but a change of wind rekindled it. In one hold are 80 bombs whose explosion might well break the ship's back.



A RESCUE AT SEA IN WHICH RADAR WAS USED TO FIND THE SHIP WHICH HAD SENT  
OUT AN SOS: THE BLAZING DANISH MAIL SHIP *KRONPRINS OLAV* (3035 TONS).  
Radar was used by the Swedish-America liner *Stockholm* to find her way through fog in the Kattegat to the rescue of the Danish mail ship *Kronprins Olav*, which caught fire on February 20 on a voyage from Oslo to Copenhagen. She took off all the 108 passengers, who included women and children. The Danish ship *Hans Broge* arrived later, the fire was extinguished and the *Kronprins Olav* was towed to harbour. The damage done to her is estimated at between £150,000 and £200,000.



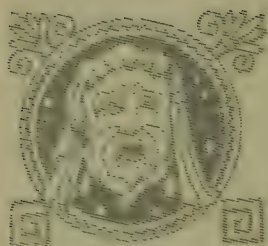
A LITTLE MOUSE OF A CAR ON VIEW IN THE COPENHAGEN INTERNATIONAL  
MOTOR SHOW: THE ERLA BOND *MINICAR* WHICH COSTS ABOUT £185.

The Twelfth International Motor Show at Copenhagen, Denmark, was opened on February 24 by Prince Knud of Denmark. On this page we illustrate a tiny car and a noble vehicle on view. The splendid 1950 *Silver Wraith* Rolls-Royce, with Hooper body in black with fawn upholstery, is a British aristocrat of the road. The Erla Bond *Minicar* provides service of a less impressive kind, but its minute size, economical petrol consumption and low cost make a wide appeal.



A NOBLE LION OF A CAR IN THE COPENHAGEN INTERNATIONAL MOTOR EXHIBITION: THE  
ROLLS-ROYCE *SILVER WRAITH*, WITH ENCLOSED LIMOUSINE BODY BY HOOPER, WHICH SELLS  
AT ABOUT £7100 IN DENMARK.





# The World of the Cinema.

## TWO WINNERS.

By ALAN DENT.

FOR two thoroughly good examples of screen-acting, commend me to—which means, of course, I recommend you not to miss!—Gregory Peck as Air Brigadier-General Savage in "Twelve O'Clock High," and John Mills as Submarine-Commander Armstrong in "Morning Departure." The two films—incidentally, both are thoroughly good examples of film-making—are as little alike as the American Air Force during the last war was like the submarine branch of our Royal Navy to-day. Yet they have a theme and a subject in common which makes a comparison between the two unavoidable and even desirable—they both deal with the behaviour of men under strain.

It is Mr. Peck's assignment to present a General who is sent to take command of a bomber group which is engaged on daylight raids over Germany and has been suffering heavy losses. It is his task to restore the shattered morale of the crews. He discovers cases of cowardice, drunkenness, slovenliness and dereliction of duty. He takes the culprits to task, man by man, and tells them that if they decline to take pride in their work they can apply for transfer. He is a ruthless martinet with a well-concealed heart. He sets an example to his men in the matter of personal courage; and though each and all of the leaders apply for transfer, they are gradually dissuaded from pursuing the application. The General's own nerve suddenly snaps in the end. He has a seizure when in the very act of climbing into a 'plane, and he has to hand over to a colonel who was the slackest of his underlings, and has now become, so to speak, the tightest. But he realises that his own masterly job has been achieved, and that his own physical collapse is merely temporary.

It is Mr. Mills's business to present a Submarine Commander, happily married, unassuming, assured without complacency, as English as the Navy makes them. It is a type which Mr. Mills presents inimitably—the *integer* man. (The word is good Latin, but its use in English—says my "Oxford Dictionary"—is *rare or obsolete* in this sense of "marked by moral integrity, or upright.")

enthralingly, or with such an extraordinary, such a peculiarly British, mixture of sharp tension and sheer humour. The blessed sense of fun never for more than a split second at a time deserts the watchful, wary, wise little captain. With great patience and shrewdness he deals with an unpopular stoker (capitally played by Richard Attenborough), whose nerve seems



"TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH": GENERAL SAVAGE (GREGORY PECK) IN A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH HE IS SENT TO TAKE COMMAND OF A BOMBER GROUP ENGAGED ON DAYLIGHT RAIDS OVER GERMANY, WHICH HAS BEEN SUFFERING HEAVY LOSSES.

In his article on this page, Mr. Dent discusses two films which he describes as "truly well-wrought and magnificent, and not to be missed by anyone who speaks or understands the English language." One is "Twelve O'Clock High" (20th Century-Fox), an American flying film "which is splendid and exciting entertainment and an exceptional job of good direction by Henry King." The other film is "Morning Departure" (a Jay Lewis Production), which tells the story of men trapped in a sunken submarine. It is presented, says Mr. Dent, movingly and enthralingly, and "with such a peculiarly British mixture of sharp tension and sheer humour."

likely to be the first to snap, and turns him gradually and convincingly into the most gallant and self-sacrificing of the men under him. Unfailing in his good cheer, too, is the cook (James Hayter)—an excellent truly Cockney performance by an excellent

truly Scottish actor (or at least one with a "gude Scots tongue" in private life and a Scottish education). Observe the delicious ironic grin with which this cook—when everybody might reasonably be in blank despair—gazes upon a tin of meat which he is about to open, and beholds the words: "Ideal for Picnics in the Open Air"! And another of his beautiful moments occurs when he is offered a drink in a wardroom for the first time in his sea-cook's existence, and he chooses

nothing more or less than a glass of port.

In general, as well as in such details, this is an extremely alert and everywhere plausible piece of film-making. The total effect, besides being a highly

emotional one, has just a hint in it of that strange exhilaration which belongs to high tragedy. Not only Mr. Mills, and all the other actors, and the director, Roy Baker, should be credited with this attainment. We should also credit the authors, Kenneth Woollard and W. E. C. Fairchild, for their ready invention, and—perhaps almost as much as anybody—Desmond Dickinson, the photographer, for his notable share. This is a great and thrilling and heart-warming experience, rather than just another film. Its conclusion has dignity, finality and beauty, and the lack of sentimentality throughout is positively breathtaking.

Excess of sentiment is, on the whole, avoided equally successfully in the American flying film, which is also of the sharpest actuality and an exceptional job of good direction by Henry King. It is only in the nature of things, one must suppose, that "Twelve O'Clock High" should come somewhat less home to our British bosoms than does "Morning Departure." Equally it will be perfectly understandable if "Twelve O'Clock High" proves to be an even greater draw at the U.S.A. box-offices than does "Morning Departure." The critic in one—which, ideally, should be able to soar above national viewpoint like an eagle above Olympus—should be content to declare that both these films are truly well-wrought and magnificent, and not to be missed by anyone who speaks or understands the English language.

I watched the features of both Mr. Peck and Mr. Mills particularly closely in these two films, because both here prove themselves film-actors in the first class, and I am anxious to discover before I retire (and keep a farm and carters, like Polonius) what it is that makes first-class acting on the screen. On the screen, of course, as anywhere else, good acting is merely the exposition of a particular character by means of facial and bodily expressiveness, vocal tones, gesture, and general bearing. Not the same character, observe ye, otherwise we merely have Miss Alpha or Mr. Omega being their sweet, blank selves in every part—which,



"THIS IS A GREAT AND THRILLING AND HEART-WARMING EXPERIENCE RATHER THAN JUST ANOTHER FILM": "MORNING DEPARTURE"; SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH LIEUT.-COMMANDER ARMSTRONG (JOHN MILLS) CHOOSES BY THE TURN OF A CARD THE LAST FOUR MEN TO ESCAPE FROM THE SUBMARINE TROJAN IN THE ONLY REMAINING ESCAPE-SUITS.

Why should it be so? Let us make it less so! His submarine, in an exercise, hits a mine, and sinks 90 ft. to the sea-bed. Of the crew of sixty-five men, twelve only have survived. The main escape hatches are flooded, and escape is only possible through the conning-tower (through which four men only can pass) and through the gun-hatch (which can release another four). For the four men remaining there is little hope except to wait for somewhat improbable salvage. The survivors are told this state of things by their commander shortly after the explosion, but they have all, of course, to wait until the submarine is located, if located it is to be.

It is a situation far too obviously dramatic not to have often been presented before. But it has never in my experience been presented so movingly or so



"ITS CONCLUSION HAS DIGNITY, FINALITY AND BEAUTY, AND THE LACK OF SENTIMENTALITY THROUGHOUT IS POSITIVELY BREATHE-TAKING": "MORNING DEPARTURE"; SHOWING (L. TO R.) A.B. HIGGINS (JAMES HAYTER); STOKER SNIPE (RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH) AND LIEUT.-COMMANDER ARMSTRONG (JOHN MILLS)—THREE TRAPPED MEN SITTING QUIETLY HUDDLED TOGETHER IN THE WARDROOM OF THE SUNKEN SUBMARINE.

to be fair, is all that their doting public probably wants of them. But Mr. Mills's captain in this submarine film is a totally and subtly different character to the naval rating of the Lower Deck he played in Noel Coward's film "In Which We Serve." He comports himself now as one in command should do. He has responsibility in the creases of his face. He has authority and gravity in his eye. And I could go on and on in the same way about Mr. Peck's Brigadier and the man of weight and moment this is, in comparison with many lighter characters the same actor has played. But I rather doubt if I would come to any very valid, definite, or profound conclusion, and so perhaps it is just as well that space declares I here should end.

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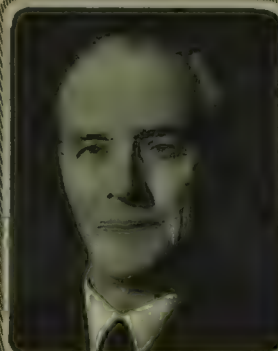
# PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE, LIBERAL MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.



**DR. D. W. WADE.**  
Liberal M.P. for West Huddersfield.



**MR. E. ROBERTS.**  
Liberal M.P. for Merioneth.



**MR. E. CLEMENT DAVIES.**  
Liberal M.P. for Montgomery.



**MR. E. R. BOWEN.**  
Liberal M.P. for Cardigan.



**MR. J. GRIMOND.**  
Liberal M.P. for Orkney and Shetland.



**MR. A. J. F. MACDONALD.**  
Liberal M.P. for Roxburgh and Selkirk.



**MR. E. L. GRANVILLE.**  
Liberal M.P. for Eye.



**MR. R. HOPKIN MORRIS.**  
Liberal M.P. for Carmarthen.

**SUCCESSFUL LIBERAL CANDIDATES IN THE GENERAL ELECTION IN WHICH THE PARTY FORFEITED OVER 300 DEPOSITS.**  
The Liberals lost over 300 deposits of £150 each at the General Election, but the nine members returned to Parliament find themselves in an unusual position owing to the "close finish" between the two major parties. The Liberals in the house are Mr. Clement Davies, leader of the Liberal Party; Lady Megan Lloyd-George, deputy leader (whose photograph appears on page 327); Dr. D. W. Wade; Mr. E. Roberts; Mr. E. R. Bowen; Mr. A. J. F. MacDonald; Mr. E. L. Granville, Mr. R. Hopkin Morris and Mr. J. Grimond. Mr. Frank Byers, Liberal Chief Whip in the last Parliament, lost his seat in North Dorset. Mr. Clement Davies held his seat in Montgomeryshire by more than double his majority in 1945. Captain J. MacLeod, an Independent Liberal, was returned for Ross and Cromarty with a majority of 4391 votes over his Labour opponent in a straight fight. Altogether the Liberals polled over 2,500,000 votes and had over 450 candidates in the field.



**THE WINNER OF THE WOMEN'S SQUASH RACKETS CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS J. R. M. MORGAN.**

On February 25, Miss J. R. M. Morgan, a Streatham games mistress, won the final of the women's squash rackets championship at the Lansdowne Club, when she beat the holder, Miss P. J. Curry, by 9-4, 9-3, 9-0. Miss Morgan was the runner-up to Miss Curry in the two previous years, and is now much improved, being a forceful attacker.



**A FAMOUS SCOTTISH COMEDIAN: SIR HARRY LAUDER, WHO DIED ON FEBRUARY 26, AGED SEVENTY-NINE, AFTER A LONG ILLNESS.**

The great Scottish comedian, who died on February 26, started life as a pit-head boy and worked in the mines for ten years. His success as an amateur led him to the professional stage, where his rich baritone voice, engaging stage personality and Scottish songs, which included "Roamin' in the Gloamin'" and "I Love a Lassie" won him world-wide fame, and at one time he earned £2,500 a week. He entertained the troops in both World Wars; and was knighted in 1919. To a large extent he was his own author and composer.



**A BALLERINA WEDS: MISS MOIRA SHEARER, AFTER HER MARRIAGE TO MR. LUDOVIC KENNEDY.**

On February 25, Miss Moira Shearer (whose name in private life was Moira Shearer Hill), the ballerina of the Sadler's Wells Company, and the star of "The Red Shoes," was married at the Chapel Royal, Hampton Court Palace, to Mr. Ludovic H. C. Kennedy. After the wedding there was a reception in the Oak Room of Hampton Court Palace.



**SIR MAX PEMBERTON.**

Died, in London, on February 22, aged eighty-six. Born at Edgbaston and educated at Merchant Taylors' School and Caius College, Cambridge, Max Pemberton soon became famous as a journalist and author. He was the editor of *Chums* and *Cassell's Magazine*, and wrote a number of best-selling novels and some successful plays. He was knighted in 1928, and was a director of Northcliffe Newspapers.



**RAISED TO THE PEERAGE IN THE DISSOLUTION HONOURS LIST: SIR FRANCIS CAMPBELL ROSS DOUGLAS.**

One of the two new barons created in the Dissolution Honours List. For many years a member of Battersea Council and the L.C.C., he was elected Member for North Battersea in 1940, and when Mr. Ede was Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education and Home Secretary, Sir Francis Douglas was his Parliamentary Private Secretary. He was Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Malta from 1946-49, and was the first civilian to hold this post since 1847. He was knighted in 1947.



**RAISED TO THE PEERAGE IN THE DISSOLUTION HONOURS LIST: MR. JOHN JAMES LAWSON.**

He began work in the Durham coalfields when aged twelve, and last year was appointed Lord Lieutenant of the County. He held office in the Socialist Governments of 1924-1929-31 and 1945-46. He gave up his seat in the House of Commons on his appointment as Vice-Chairman, National Parks Committee, last December.





THE pleasant little museum which has been recently opened to the public at Bedford has already been noticed on this page. I had something to say about the very choice collection of English and Continental porcelain, which is its main feature. There are, in addition, other things, notably a nice array of early glass, including a rare Ravenscroft piece, and also a few good examples of silver, among them this Tigerware jug (Fig. 5), with its Elizabethan silver mount and base, bearing the date-mark for 1578. The purists among us are sometimes inclined to call these marriages between earthenware or porcelain and silver by rude names, holding steadfastly to the doctrine that the virtue of the one is antipathetic to the virtue of the other; indeed, some of them recoil with as much distaste as if they were offered a sandwich composed of sardines and strawberry jam. Our sixteenth-century ancestors were less finicky and more robust and felt no qualm. When they came across a pot they admired they often made a habit of adorning it in this way, and, incidentally, it was cheaper. This last remark, though true, is a little unkind. Let me amend it. They acquired a nice jug and showed their appreciation by dressing it up with a band or two of precious metal. In this they were carrying on a tradition already old: the mediæval silversmiths would provide a silver rim for a wooden mazer.

The most famous example of this treatment is probably the piece of Sung porcelain which William of Wykeham gave to New College, Oxford. If we feel disposed to chide the Elizabethans for, as I have heard it said, having no feeling for the craft of ceramics, we should, I think, remind ourselves first that they had next to no opportunities of improving their minds in this direction, and, secondly, that the French in the eighteenth century, who are not normally accused of gross errors of taste (at least not at that period), were exceedingly fond of a similar method of gilding lilies, as it were. I refer to innumerable examples of fine Chinese Celadon vases and of Sèvres, garnished (I think that is the *mot juste*) with ormolu—and very fine they look in the sort of setting for which they were intended.

Anyway, whatever our views may be on this particular point, this is what the Elizabethans did, and were proud of it. These so-called Tigerware jugs—stoneware—made in the Rhineland, were exported in considerable quantities, and many have survived the passage of time, most in their original state; and

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. CONTRASTS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

a fair number embellished in this manner. This taste for rich adornment is a mark of the period and visible on a thousand details of household furnishings, most noticeably, perhaps, on those elaborately carved chimney-pieces which dominate the principal rooms of sixteenth-century houses. As with great things, so with small, this Tigerware jug and—just to provide another illustration from the same decade—Fig. 4, the magisterial silver tankard bearing the date-

mark for 1575 on base and cover. Note the details of the decoration. The form is broken by two beaded girdles, and between them, and above and below, are engraved foliage, fruit and strapwork. The cover is engraved with clusters of fruit, and so is the base, and the scroll handle is engraved with arabesques. The thing is massive and elaborate, and wholly typical of current notions as to the proper decoration for a ceremonial tankard. Probably by Henry Colville, London.

Nearly a century later, and in an age which was by no means averse from luxury, we meet with another tankard. There could be no greater contrast. One does not readily

That same year, as those who know their way about the Diary can check for themselves, on July 15, John Evelyn attended Convocation to receive a doctorate at the hands of Dr. Fell, Dean of Christchurch and Vice-Chancellor, and listened to the Public Orator complimenting the Duke, who was formally admitted Chancellor on August 26. Notice especially the beautiful sweep of the handle, the nicely-shaped thumb-piece, the wide rim of the cover, the extreme

simplicity of the whole design. Now, in Fig. 1, which is also in the collection at the Ashmolean, and dates from about the year 1685, we are in a different world—a world in which fantasy is allowed full play. This is one of a pair of three-light candelabra in the style of Anthony Nelme, London, by no means a typical piece of its period, nor wholly in accord with modern taste, which is shy of such exuberance. French influence, I think, and that, in turn, looked to Italy and Renaissance bronzes, and so back to classical Greece and Rome—the tripod stand, the standing figure, the graceful curve of the three branches. I repeat, not typical of the ordinary run of candelabra, but an unusual and fine example of the luxurious domestic furnishings of a lavish household. One does not find such

FIG. 2. ILLUSTRATING THE TASTE OF THE TURN OF THE CENTURY: ONE OF A SET OF FOUR CANDLESTICKS, TWO DATING FROM 1700, AND TWO FROM 1702.

By courtesy of Christie, Manson and Wood.

intricate work again for two generations, when the exuberance, but not the detail nor the classical style, was revived by Paul Lamerie and his contemporaries about the middle of the eighteenth century. After that, so unpredictable is social custom, one has to wait for another century before designers attempted anything of the sort, and then they made a sad hash of it, losing clean, logical structure in a mass of clumsy adornment. By 1700 (Fig. 2) we are back to a dignified simplicity, with gadrooning as the sole concession to the silversmith's natural desire to exhibit his skill in decoration. After that—speaking generally—for about thirty years, shapes are yet more severe and decorative detail even more discreet: the average piece depends upon its fine proportions and smooth surfaces no less than does the beautiful tankard of Fig. 3. A pleasant custom this, that of presenting pieces of plate to individuals,

to colleges, to City Corporations, to Regimental Messes, to mark great occasions. May it long continue, may whoever is Chancellor of the University of Oxford in 1969, be as good a judge of fine craftsmanship as was the Duke of Ormonde 300 years previously, and may he find as good a silversmith as was the unknown who made this admirable piece!

I hope also that the Chancellor, whoever he may be, will find a biographer more accommodating than the Duke did in Bishop Burnet, who enshrined his memory in the following back-handed compliment, describing him as "a man of great expense, but decent even in his vices, for he always kept up the forms of religion."



FIG. 1. IN THE STYLE OF ANTHONY NELME, LONDON: ONE OF A PAIR OF THREE-LIGHT CANDELABRA, c. 1685.

By courtesy of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.



FIG. 3. MADE IN LONDON IN 1667: A CHARLES II. SILVER TANKARD BEARING THE ARMS OF JAMES, DUKE OF ORMONDE.

This tankard is engraved with the arms of James, Duke of Ormonde, and bears an inscription recording that he presented it, at the time of his investiture in 1669 as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, to the Senior Proctor, Nathaniel Alsop, of Brasenose.

By courtesy of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.

associate the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford with silver; rather with paintings and drawings. Fig. 3 is part of a noble collection, beautifully displayed, which I hope to discuss at greater length on some future occasion. It was made in London in 1667 and is engraved with the arms of James, Duke of Ormonde, who, as the inscription tells, presented it at the time of his investiture in 1669 as Chancellor of the University to the Senior Proctor, Nathaniel Alsop, of Brasenose.



FIG. 4. PROBABLY BY HENRY COLVILLE, LONDON: A MAGISTERIAL SILVER TANKARD BEARING THE DATE-MARK FOR 1575 ON BASE AND COVER.

This piece "is massive and elaborate, and wholly typical of current notions as to the proper decoration for a ceremonial tankard." [By courtesy of Sotheby's.]



FIG. 5. BEARING THE DATE-MARK FOR 1578: A TIGERWARE JUG WITH AN ELIZABETHAN SILVER MOUNT. When our sixteenth-century ancestors "came across a pot they admired, they often made a habit of adorning it . . .", writes Frank Davis.

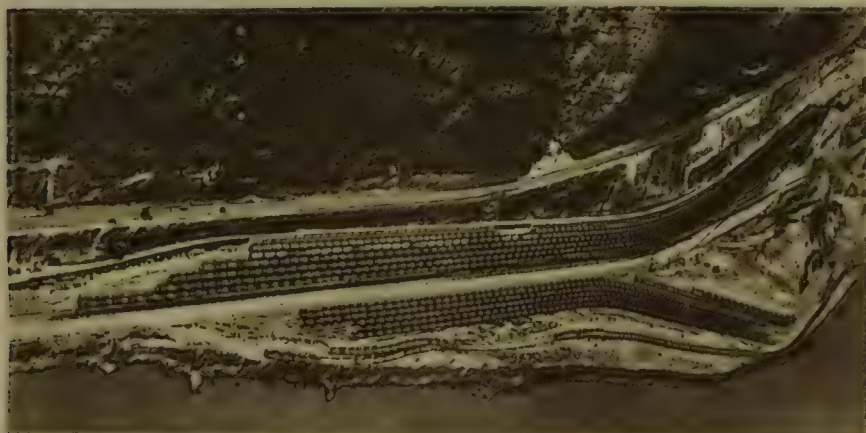
By courtesy of the Cecil Higgins Museum, Bedford.



# THE SOVIET-CHINESE TREATY; ARCTIC MANŒUVRES; AND OTHER ITEMS.



THE SCENE AT THE SIGNING OF THE SOVIET-CHINESE TREATY: WITH (AT THE TABLE) MR. VISHINSKY, THE RUSSIAN FOREIGN MINISTER, ASSISTED BY MR. PODSEROV. On February 14 negotiations between Russia and Communist China were concluded in the signing of a treaty of friendship, alliance and mutual assistance. The treaty was signed by Mr. Vishinsky, Russian Foreign Minister, and Mao Tse-tung, the Chinese Communist leader, in front of an impressive gathering, which appears in our photograph. These were (l. to r.): Mr. M. A. Gromyko; Mr. N. A. Bulganin; Mr. N. A. Roshchin; Chou en-Lai, the Chinese Foreign Minister; Mr. A. I. Mikoyan; Mr. N. S. Krushchev; Marshal K. E. Voroshilov; Mr. V. M. Molotov; Mr. J. V. Stalin; Mao Tse-tung; Mr. N. T. Fedozenko; Wang Tsa Sian; Mr. C. M. Malenkov; Chen Bo Da; Mr. L. P. Beria; Mr. Azizov; and Mr. L. M. Kaganovitch.



A SYMBOL OF THE SLOW PARALYSIS THAT THE U.S. COAL STRIKE HAS STARTED: SOME 2000 COAL WAGONS FILLED WITH SNOW AND LYING IDLE IN A PENNSYLVANIA MARSHALLING YARD. Despite two orders from their leader Mr. John L. Lewis to "cease forthwith all stoppages and return to work without delay," the U.S. soft-coal miners continued to strike at the date of writing. Whether Mr. Lewis actually meant his order to be obeyed, there was no telling, but the miners' disobedience strengthened his hand in bargaining for a new contract with the owners; and cold weather and a growing emergency faced United States industry if the men continued to refuse to return.



THE CHINESE COMMUNIST LEADER IN MOSCOW: MAO TSE-TUNG (CENTRE, HANDS CLASPED) WITH HIS ENTOURAGE IN THE PALACE OF CULTURE AT THE STALIN AUTOMOBILE PLANT DURING HIS RECENT VISIT TO RUSSIA.



EQUIPPED FOR A REALLY COLD WAR: A CANADIAN BREN-GUNNER TAKING PART IN "EXERCISE SWEETBRIAR" (SEE BELOW).



WHERE YOUR VOTE IS STORED FOR A YEAR AND A DAY: ONE OF THE ROOMS IN THE VICTORIA TOWER OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, IN WHICH MARKED BALLOT-PAPERS ARE KEPT FOR A LIMITED TIME IN CASE OF INVESTIGATION OF FRAUD.



A HUGE NORTH SEA EEL: GERMAN FISHERMEN DISPLAYING A CONGER, WHICH WAS REPORTED TO MEASURE 175 INS. FROM HEAD TO TAIL AND TO HAVE A GIRTH OF 46 INS.



JOINT U.S.-CANADIAN MANŒUVRES IN THE FAR NORTH: CANADIAN GUNNERS OPERATING MORTARS IN "EXERCISE SWEETBRIAR" ON THE ALASKA-YUKON FRONTIER. Joint U.S.-Canadian manoeuvres have been taking place during February in the Donjek River valley 170 miles south of Dawson, in Yukon, under the general name of "Exercise Sweetbriar" to test



A MACHINE WHICH CAN CROSS ARCTIC DRIFTS AND SNOWFIELDS: A U.S. TRACKED "WEASEL," WITH MACHINE-GUN MOUNTED ON TOP, TAKING PART IN "EXERCISE SWEETBRIAR." how far warfare can be carried on in Arctic territories and conditions. The general form of the exercise was an attack from Alaska towards the Alaska Highway, and the repulse of that attack.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### VENOMOUS MARINE ANIMALS IN AUSTRALIAN WATERS.

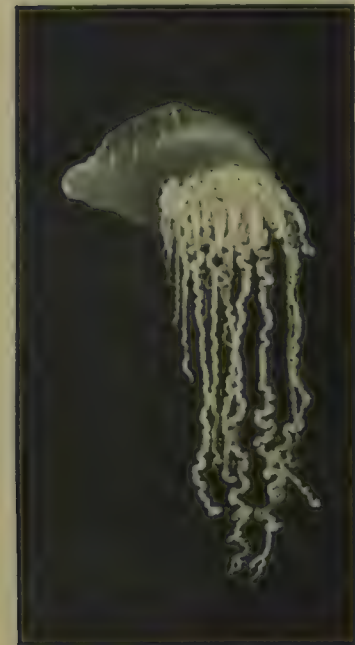
By HELEN COOK, B.A.

FROM time to time there appear in the minor paragraphs of the Press accounts of bathers, or others, being stung, severely or otherwise, by marine animals. Happily, these events are fairly uncommon; and the consequences are even more rarely fatal. It is probably for these reasons that a death is given a fair prominence. A short while ago an account appeared of a boy who died, in Australia, as a result of being stung by a sea-wasp. The sea-wasp is not, as its name implies, one of the remarkably few truly marine insects. Instead, the name is applied to a type of bell-shaped or medusoid jelly-fish, a few inches, or maybe up to a foot, across, with trailing tentacles, perhaps a couple of feet long. These tentacles are armed with nematocysts, or stinging cells, sometimes spoken of as nettle-cells, each containing an eversible hair-like tube which lies bathed in poison, within its capsule, ready to be shot out at its victim. It is not possible to be more definite in the description of a sea-wasp, as the name is probably applied to several related species.

The number of species of marine animals that are poisonous in this way is moderately large, for all sea-anemones, sea-firs, jelly-fishes, some sea-urchins, a few molluscs, many fishes, as well as the sea-snakes, are all capable of stinging or inflicting some form of poisoned wound, to a greater or lesser degree and by a variety of means. There is, for example, the other type of jelly-fish, commonly known as the Portuguese man-o'-war, often referred to in Australia as the "bluebottle," because of the blue-coloured gas-filled bladder which floats on the surface. This bears on its underside a mass of feeding polyps and enormously long tentacles, well provided with stinging cells. This particular species has a very bad reputation with bathers

"down under," partly, perhaps, due to its habit of suddenly appearing in swarms.

The damage done to human beings is, of course, accidental, for the stings, whether of jelly-fish, fish or sea-snake, result from specialised mechanisms—nettle-cells, poison-spines or fangs—designed for the capture of prey rather than for use in self-defence. It is almost axiomatic that, among land animals, at any rate, those bearing poisonous offensiveweapons, of whatever kind, are usually strikingly coloured, a type of advertisement of their poisonous nature, as if warning



OFTEN REFERRED TO IN AUSTRALIA AS THE "BLUEBOTTLE," BECAUSE OF THE BLUE GAS-FILLED BLADDER WHICH FLOATS ON THE SURFACE: THE PORTUGUESE MAN-O'-WAR, A JELLYFISH WHOSE STINGING-CELLS HAVE EARNED IT A VERY BAD REPUTATION AMONG BATHERS.

potential predators to keep clear. In the sea the reverse is usually true, since apart from such fish as the Butterfly cod and the surgeon fish, or the bladder of the bluebottle jelly-fish, the venomous animals are more or less cryptically coloured. That is, they are so coloured as to be inconspicuous, if not invisible, against their habitual backgrounds.

Another point worthy of note here is that while venomous animals are found in all seas, those of tropical or sub-tropical seas are not only more

numerous and of greater variety, but their poisons are apt to be more highly toxic than those of temperate or cold seas. Australia, where sea-bathing is such a favourite sport, is a continent embracing both a Mediterranean and a tropical climate. It is therefore hardly surprising that one automatically thinks of that part of the world in relation to casualties from venomous sea animals, although they must obviously occur elsewhere. The victim of a more than usually



ALMOST INVISIBLE AGAINST ITS ROCKY BACKGROUND: A STONEFISH, SO CALLED FROM ITS RESEMBLANCE TO ERODED ROCK OR WEATHERED CORAL, WHICH IS ARMED WITH A NUMBER OF POISON-SPINES.

The colour of a Stonefish is usually a muddy brown or greenish, often mottled and marbled. The fishes lie under or among rocks, or in the mud, in which situations they are almost indistinguishable from their surroundings, and it is, as a consequence, easy enough to tread on them or touch them before being aware of their presence. The danger in doing this arises from the line of poison-spines running down the back and, for the most part, concealed in the folds of the skin.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Australian News Information Bureau.

savage attack by a "bluebottle" has described the pain which follows the initial shock as being rather like rheumatism. The subsequent fever lasts several hours, after which the symptoms subside, leaving a localised irritation confined to the wound itself. (Some indication of the potency of the poison may be gained from the fact that the natives of Colombo endeavour, on occasion, to administer it through the mouth to their enemies.) Jelly-fish stings may range from such severe attacks to merely irritating red weals on the skin. The sting of the common umbrella-shaped jelly-fish can cause difficulty in breathing, vomiting, abdominal rigidity, and other unpleasant symptoms which may last for several days.

Despite the notoriety earned by jelly-fishes, it is from the fishes that the most dangerous poisonings are to be expected. These are usually derived from large spines, situated in various positions on the body, generally on the fins or the head, with poison glands at their bases. The common type of spine is smooth, sharp-pointed and grooved at each side, the grooves connecting with the poison glands. In a few cases, however, the anterior and posterior faces of the spine may be toothed.

Along the tropical coast-line of Australia, one of the most venomous fishes, and perhaps the most commonly feared, is the Stonefish (*Synanceja trachynis*). In fact, this fish is not so common as the fear of it might suggest. The menace lies in its habit of remaining very still among the rocks and corals, on the mud, where it is completely concealed by its colour, and its close resemblance to weathered rocks and corals. Often it lies partially or almost completely buried in the mud, and, unlike most fishes, does not swim away when approached. The bare foot planted on this extremely well-camouflaged animal is apt to receive the poison (milky in appearance) from a line of thirteen stout spines running down the back, hidden in folds of skin, and each connected with

its own poison-gland. The sole of a canvas shoe is no protection, either; and fishermen sorting a catch must be on the alert for one of these brutes.

The kite-shaped sting-rays are probably better known. In these, the poison-spine projects from the base of a whip-like tail which is apt to lash dangerously about. The pain resulting from being poisoned by one of these is excruciating. According to one description, the initial wound is bluish, for there is little bleeding. The pain, at first localised, later becomes more general, when even the shallowest breathing requires effort. Other symptoms are an abdominal muscular pain, at first intermittent, later continuous, accompanied by dizziness, nausea, and other disorders of the system. This may continue with diminishing intensity for some three days, and the ulcer on the wound may last for sixteen days. It is therefore hardly surprising that the larger sting-rays have been named Devil-fish.

Other venomous fishes include the Butterfly cod (*Pterois* and *Brachirus*) of the tropical Indian Ocean, characterised by the fan-like fins and brilliant colouring. The poison-spines are very long and needle-like, and, although not so venomous as those of the Stonefish, can inflict painful wounds. They, too, live under loose stones and coral. The family *Scorpenidae* embraces many venomous types, distributed over both tropical and temperate seas, such as rock cod (so named for its resemblance to the rock and weed of its habitat), scorpion-fish and wasp-fish. In all these, the poison-glands are situated in the dorsal fin, and often in the head. The wounds inflicted by Scorpenids are very painful, travelling fast to parts of the body adjacent to

the initial injury, and causing a rapid rise in body temperature. Since the temperature falls just as rapidly as the effects of the poison wear off, precautions must be taken against heart failure.

Australia has yet another danger to offer in the shape of a sea-urchin—a flattened, disc-like relative of the starfish. This animal, coloured brown, with a slight purplish tint, is about the size of a small plate and covered with tiny three-piece jaws, which inject poison upon closing. This



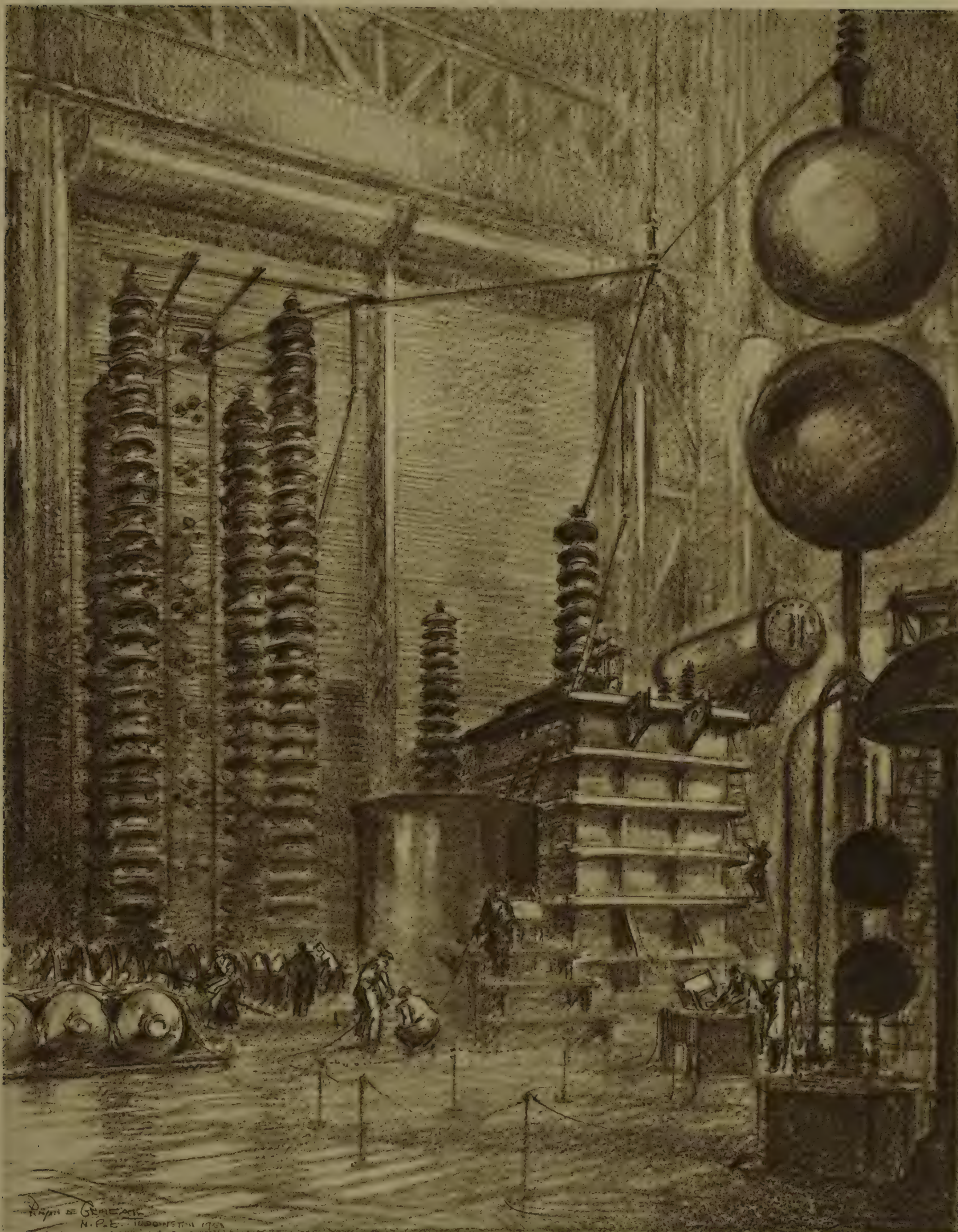
CHARACTERISED BY THE FAN-LIKE FINS AND BRILLIANT COLOURING: THE BUTTERFLY COD, A VENOMOUS FISH OF THE TROPICAL INDIAN OCEAN.

The Butterfly cod lies among loose stones and coral on the sea-bed, like the Stonefish, does not swim away if disturbed or, at most, swims away but slowly. The long needle-like dorsal spines are capable of inflicting a painful wound, though the effects are not so dangerous as from the spines of the Stonefish.

was described from the Great Barrier Reef, and is closely related to a species from Japan which is much feared by divers, as the paralyzing effect of being poisoned by one of these may cause drowning.

However, there is no cause for despair, remembering that it is possible to enter waters infested with sea-snakes even and not be harmed. As the first-year medical student eternally discovers of diseases, the eventuality is a small percentage of the possibility. So let the reader be assured that, in the eventuality of his riding the Australian surf, the chances of his being bitten by a venomous marine animal will be the least of his worries.





WITH SURGE-GENERATORS LIKE EASTERN PAGODAS: THE HIGH-VOLTAGE LABORATORY AT THE NATIONAL PHYSICAL LABORATORY, TEDDINGTON, WHILE A TRANSFORMER (CENTRE) IS BEING TESTED "TO DESTRUCTION."

On pages 342-343 we show a view of the Alfred Yarrow Tank in the Ship Division of the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington. The drawing above was made by our Artist in the High-voltage Laboratory in the Electricity Division at Teddington. The Electricity Division is divided into three sections: first, Electrical Standards and General Electrical Measurements, where standards, both primary like the ampere, the volt and the ohm and secondary, those necessary for the measurement of such things as capacity and inductance, are maintained; secondly, the Electrotechnics section,

where measuring instruments are tested; and, finally, the High-voltage Laboratory. This last was built in 1928, largely to investigate the problems of transmission of electrical power at high voltages. The plant includes three transformers, each capable of giving 375,000 volts when supplied with power at 1000 volts. There is also an impulse generator capable of developing 2,000,000 volts and a high-voltage cathode-ray oscillograph. Much work is done on transformers; and we here show one being loaded to the point of breakdown, or tested "to destruction."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, CAPTAIN BRYAN DE GRINEAU.





# WHERE SHIP DESIGN IS DETERMINED WITH MODELS OF BLACK PARAFFIN WAX: THE ALBERT YARROW

In our last issue we published three drawings of scenes at the National Physical Laboratory, which is this year celebrating its fiftieth birthday, though its jubilee celebrations have been deferred until 1951 to form part of the Festival of Britain. The great tank which we show above was one of the great benefactions received by the laboratory in its early days, as in 1928 the late Sir Alfred Yarrow gave £20,000 for its construction. It is designed for

experiments on models of ships and was built to be of service to the nation for research directed to the improvement of ship design and propulsion, and for making tests for the information of shipbuilders and shipowners. It was completed in 1911 and is a concrete basin 550 ft. long and 30 ft. wide, the water being 12½ ft. deep in the centre. As our picture shows, the model under test is towed along by an electrically-propelled bridge-carriage. At the

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

# TEST TANK AT TEDDINGTON, WITH A MODEL (LEFT) BEING TOWED THROUGH ARTIFICIAL WAVES.

far end (left) there is a wave-making machine and at the near end (just before the docks) a wave-breaker. In the docks in the foreground, men can be seen pumping water out of a model which has been under test, while another model is suspended in slings above. The models are made of paraffin wax, which is first moulded to approximately the shape needed and then shaped with a special cutting machine to reproduce exactly, in scale, the lines of the

CAPTAIN BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

ship as designed. The use of wax enables the model to be rapidly and accurately made and also allows of modifications to be rapidly incorporated in light of the findings. The laboratory has another big tank, the New Tank, completed in 1932, which is 678 ft. long 20 ft. wide, with depth varying from 9 to 2 ft. A water tunnel for propeller tests, in which cavitation effects can be studied, was provided in 1938, through the generosity of Sir James Lithgow, Bart.



## LANDSCAPES BY FLYING DUTCHMEN: HOLLAND RECORDED FROM THE AIR.



"LANDSCAPE IMPRESSION"; BY G. VAN BRUGGEN. THE DECORATIVE PATCHWORK PATTERN OF FLAT DUTCH FIELDS AS SEEN FROM A K.L.M. AIRCRAFT IN FLIGHT.



"AMSTERDAM"; BY G. P. ADOLFS. AN AIR VIEW OF A FAMOUS DUTCH CITY, WITH THE WATERWAYS, STREETS AND BUILDINGS COMBINED WITH CLOUD-EFFECTS.



"LANDSCAPE IMPRESSION"; BY A. BREETVELT. THE ARTIST HAS BUILT UP PLOUGHED FIELDS, TREE-BORDERED ROADS AND WOODED AREAS INTO A DRAMATIC DESIGN.



"ABOVE THE CLOUDS"; BY G. GERRITS. THE FAERY LANDSCAPE OF CUMULUS CLOUDS ON WHICH THE SHADOW OF THE AIRCRAFT IS REFLECTED PROVIDES ONE OF THE JOYS OF FLIGHT, AS EVERY AIR TRAVELLER KNOWS WELL.



"LANDSCAPE"; BY E. MASSÉUS. THE ARTIST HAS CAPTURED THE MYSTERIOUS EFFECT OF THE WIDE LANDSCAPE SEEN THROUGH THE WINDOW OF AN AIRCRAFT.

sketches based on impressions gained by a swift study of air photographs. These proved so successful that all the thirty-one entrants were offered a free return trip on one of the air services in the Netherlands, and finally sixty-one of the resulting paintings were selected by a jury of representatives of K.L.M. and of the Institute of Dutch Artists for exhibition in the Amsterdam Municipal Museum, by permission of the Director. The display, which closed in January, 1950, roused much interest and admiration; and it is hoped that the collection will be shown at a London gallery some time this year.

DUTCH landscape artists have always been pre-eminent in depicting those wide expanses of sea, sky and flat fertile land characteristic of their native country, but the Old Masters could only admire Nature with the eyes of earth-bound men. Now aviation has enlarged the field of human vision and introduced the airscape. In July, 1948, K.L.M. Royal Dutch Airlines was approached by the Assignments Committee of the Institute of Dutch Artists with a request that some members of the Institute might be given an opportunity to make flights by K.L.M. in order to obtain impressions of airscapes. Artists submitted to memory tests by making rapid



"NORTH SEA COAST"; BY G. GERRITS. AS THE AIRCRAFT PASSES OVER THE COAST THE TRAVELLER SEES THE RIBBON OF THE SHORE, AND THE EXPANSE OF SEA, LOOKING LIKE WRINKLED SILK.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THIS is a quiet week; it offers nothing large, sensational or, indeed, exciting. But it is uniformly pleasant, in a quiet way. The first place has to go to "Portrait of Philip," by Barbara Willard (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.), if only for the sake of its hero—whom one might call the patron saint of England, the true St. George. The English do not often canonise their public men; it was Sidney's fortune to have time for only a book of poems, a gallant gesture and a legend of great moral charm. He could have done more; for his was not the quality of Essex, the romantic speciousness that won't keep. But then there would be no such halo round that beloved head.

Miss Willard writes of him with great tenderness. The story is not long, nor on the whole dramatic. Childhood and schooldays; the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; the grand tour; the years of waiting and frustration, poetry and Lady Rich; then marriage, and a late beginning which was also the end. Sidney had grave and generous ambitions, but the Queen kept him dangling—because he was too little of a courtier, and anyhow was not her type. At every age her fancy was for peacocks, resplendent creatures "somewhat empty in matter." Perhaps it is a woman's failing. For this rare spirit, whom his friends idolised, was not so happy with the other sex; Lady Rich—the Stella of the poems—kept him dangling too. Miss Willard intimates that she returned his love, though she was "cruel" from worldly motives. I rather doubt it; I suspect that, like the Queen, she had a more vulgar taste. On the other hand, I doubt if she made him miserable. There is nothing miserable about the songs and sonnets; they are exultant with self-delight, full of a headlong, glittering impertinence. Though he calls her cruel, he seems to be enjoying the pursuit wholeheartedly. I should guess she made him feel that her heart inclined to him, and only virtue interposed—which, in the view of his contemporary Montaigne, would not have spoilt the fun. "We say it does, but we are lying; we love them the more for it."

However, in this version she breaks his heart, which is later healed by marriage with Frances Walsingham. No doubt Miss Willard has her reasons. But she can't state them; fictionalised biography never can. And so the genre is always unsatisfying—though this example is completely, charmingly inoffensive. At the same time, it is rather pale. Young aspiration and ambition, family happiness, the pathos of early death—these are within the writer's scope; her Sidney has the true sweetness, and there is a touching beauty in the last scenes of all. But compare her picture with the subject—how faint it seems! The Elizabethan world has grown thin and tractable; the Elizabethan Sidney is just not there.

"Midnight Lace," by Mackinlay Kantor (Falcon Press; 10s. 6d.), has naive pretensions that become attractive as one sees through them. It is going to be a serious work: a picture of the Middle West forty years ago, and a dramatic study of a guileful, cold-hearted siren. The first page introduces, with a flourish, Miss Dolly Hessian, hovering between a murky past and an assault on new worlds. She looks like a demure young lady in a fashion-plate, but has her roots in Chicago slime. In greener days she stooped to folly—but now no more. On the stage of Lexington, Iowa, every move shall be planned: no weakness, no caprice, only calm self-interest.

Her profession as a milliner's trimmer is the first snag. For trimmers, moving by the season from job to job, are morally suspect if they happen to be good-looking. Dolly counters this with an impeccably discreet air, and a pack of lies about her family. The next thing is to choose a prey, and here she almost goes wrong. Senator Abie Newgate is the biggest man within reach, but he is old and married. Could she prevail on him to marry her? She would much prefer young Ben Steele, a jolly, personable swain—but no catch at all.

And so her first approach is made to the Senator. Then, in the nick of time, she learns that Ben is a catch, and hurriedly sets out to get him. Ben is not difficult; he is the Rawdon to her Becky Sharp (though an honest Rawdon), with Abie Newgate in the part of Lord Steyne. A crash will follow, it is hinted, and dire events . . . and really nothing could seem likelier.

But it is all nonsense; the author doesn't mean it, he is just playing. Playing that his Dolly is a Becky Sharp, that his plot is serious, that tragedy is round the corner: playing, more avowedly, with social life in those home-spun days: and playing with language, in a style which now and then makes one gasp. Yet the book has decided charm. The social background is amusing, the plot is lively, and the hit-or-miss naïveté of treatment is a charm in itself.

"Pride of the South," by Elizabeth Seifert (Collins; 10s. 6d.), shows a young English bride in conflict with the manners of the Deep South and of the French De Rosiers. Her husband's father, mother and paternal grandfather are all alive; and, in the first place, she has to live with them. Secondly, she has to live under a glass case. For the De Rosiers believe in "protecting" women; that is, they consign the women to themselves, to boredom and triviality. Cynthia wants to be of use, to work in the slums, to help her lovely, unhappy sister-in-law, who is being "protected" by a jealous mother into hysteria. The men, though generous and kind, have not even noticed. And though tenacious of the family honour, they seem to think it is preserved by hushing things up. They have a black sheep, the younger son; when he is caught out in large-scale villainy, their one thought is to rally round him—for honour's sake. It is a good story; but the people are figments, and the ideas a muddle.

In "The Two Graphs," by John Rhode (Geoffrey Bles; 8s. 6d.), we have a problem within a problem. Which of the indistinguishable brothers Binfield was drowned at Marwick? And then what happened in the nursing home? The first point—was it George or Harry?—is not meant to be doubtful, but if, or how it can emerge is another thing. Meanwhile, the question of identity, and the further question of who knew what, involve the second part of the proceedings in deeper darkness. The whole thing is so close-knit that it is impossible to say much about it. But the author is as sound as usual, and rather livelier than usual.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

I HAVE given a number of "famous positions." Here is one that has remained almost unknown, yet I could never understand why.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Teichmann (White) had given odds to an amateur in Zurich. From the diagrammed position, he forced his opponent's resignation in four brilliant moves, at the end of which he was a queen, a rook and two knights down. White's trump cards are, of course, his advanced passed pawn and the retarded black queen's side . . . but how to exploit these is the problem.

The subsequent play is given at the foot of this article.

Chess has a unique value and charm for energetic people who, through politics, infirmity or other factors, are denied normal outlets for their abilities. As the Indian proverb has it: "Chess is a sea in which an elephant may bathe . . ."; and the great master Rubinstein is said to have confessed, after studying chess six hours per day for several decades, that he had still touched only the fringe of his subject. Jews have found lifelong solace in chess throughout the centuries, from the persecution that restricted their worldly freedom, and have always been among the game's most skilled exponents. I have watched athletes whose careers were abruptly ended by accident or disease, and live-wire politicians suddenly left unemployed through a switch in public favour, take to chess like ducks to water. Actively-minded people cursed with blindness or deafness often delight in it. It can serve as a sort of mental stimulant. It can, of course, become dangerously absorbing and has certainly wrecked many a promising career.

This ponderous philosophising was prompted by the reflection that Teichmann, who had only one eye, might never have bothered about chess at all if he had had two. As it is getting a bit sombre, we might do worse than hie back to our diagram, cunningly printing the first move in ordinary type so as not to distract the eye of the would-be solver who wants to find it for himself.

1. R×P! Kt×R

Not 1. . . R×R; 2. B×Ktch, K×B; 3. P-Kt8 (queens) ch and wins. White was threatening 2. R-R8ch, Kt×R; 3. P×Kt(Q)ch, K×Q; 4. Q-Kt8 mate, so something had to be done about it.

2. Q-Kt5 Kt-B2

How else could Black meet the threats of 3. Q×Kt (Black's rook is pinned!) and 3. Q-Q8ch?

3. Q-Q8ch!! Kt×Q

4. P-R6

What a beautifully quiet finishing stroke! Unable to find any defence to the threat of P-R7ch; Black here resigned. If 4. . . K-R2; 5. P-Kt8(Q)ch, K×P; 6. Q-R8 mate. Sacrificial play at its finest!

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## SEASIDE; COUNTRYSIDE AND THAMES-SIDE.

THE first inhabitants of Brighton were probably cannibals: a proportion of its visitors to-day are undoubtedly spivs. Dr. Johnson (perhaps as a result of being told by one of the "bathers": "Why Sir, you must have been a stout-hearted gentleman forty years ago") grumbled as he looked down on the town from the Downs that Brighthelmston was "so truly desolate that if one had a mind to hang oneself for desperation on being obliged to live there, it would be difficult to find a tree on which to fasten the rope." But whatever the views of cannibals or spivs or curmudgeons nothing can alter the peculiar quality of the Brighton air (surely the best in the kingdom) or—short of an atomic bomb—alter the fact that it is the finest example of Regency town-planning in the islands. In "The History and Architecture of Brighton," by Anthony Dale (Bredon and Heginbotham; 10s. 6d.)—a slim but satisfying volume—Mr. Anthony Dale does ample justice

to both aspects of Brighton contained in the book's title. As far as the history is concerned, he traces it from the prehistoric cannibals to the present day. But the real point of departure for Brighton's history is the publication of Dr. Russell's "A Dissertation Concerning the Use of Sea Water in Diseases of the Glands," which appeared in 1753 and which made the fortune of Brighton and created the British habit of "going to the seaside." But if Dr. Russell founded Brighton's prosperity when he published his book and discovered the chalybeate spring in what is now St. Ann's Well Gardens, Hove, and if George III. set the seal of Royal approval on the new craze for sea-bathing, it was George IV. as Prince Regent who created Brighton's full florescence—whether from the point of view of popularity as a resort or a rich treasure-house of architecture. I was delighted with his story of how George IV.—described by Sir Osbert Sitwell, perhaps not wholly felicitously, as the "patron saint of Brighton"—appeared above the altar of the Basilica of St. John Lateran. His portrait by Lawrence—a present to Pius VII.—got muddled with others during cleaning operations, was sent to the church, mistaken for a saint and treated with suitable respect as an altar-piece until two English visitors pointed out the mistake.

The debt which Brighton owed to George IV. was acknowledged by the citizens during his lifetime. Brighton brought out the best in him. There he was at his most friendly and most affable, and it was on Brighton that he lavished his not inconsiderable architectural gifts. If he reduced Ministers to despair, infuriated his not very faithful Commons by his prodigality, he was all the time placing posterity deeply in his debt. Mr. Dale has a pen which is as easy as his erudition is impressive—and the photographs and other illustrations which adorn this book have reminded me that it is too long since I looked up the times of departure of the Brighton Belle.

I approached "Gloucestershire Through the Ages," by T. A. Ryder (Littlebury; The Worcester Press; 12s. 6d.), with keen anticipation. If I were condemned to "county arrest"—that is to say, had I to reside in one English county and not move out of it—I think I should undoubtedly choose Gloucestershire as my territorial prison. It has so much of beauty in it: stone cottages, country houses and churches which seem to grow out of the soil, not to have been set down on it. Where so much is ancient, for once erected in that wonderful building material, Cotswold stone, there is no reason, short of a cataclysm, why anything should ever fall down. Where the air is mild in the snug valleys and bracing on the hilltops. A wonderful county, with its great and, alas, sadly battered city of Bristol—once the second port in the kingdom—its lovely place-names and grandly broad speech, and the men of Gloucestershire who in two World Wars have provided—by German estimate—one of the finest bodies of fighting men in the Empire. So I must confess that I was a little disappointed in Mr. Ryder's book. It is not that it is not packed with meat, and sometimes with humour, nor that it is not scholarly or informative. It is. But it lacks distinction. Looking at it again, it is perhaps a matter of printing rather than writing, type-face rather than style. Perhaps I expect too much.

If Mr. Ryder makes a small book out of a big county, Mrs. Mary Arnold-Forster makes a big book out of the history of her home, a Wiltshire country house. "Basset Down" (Country Life; 30s.) I can recommend without any reservations whatever. The authoress (unless I have most ungallantly miscalculated from the indications she gives) must be well in her eighties. I could wish that many an author or authoress half her age would write with the same energy, humour and charm. It is a little formless, perhaps, but there is an endearing Englishness about this formlessness. It is not so much a chronological account of three centuries of the history of a country house, or a social history, or a history of the families that flowed together into one main stream. It is rather a pleasant stroll with a cultured chatelaine and a great lady from room to room between tea and dinner. In this room it is a portrait of Katherine Booth which reminds her that this young lady wrote that William III., after a *pas seul* which she had executed at his Court "said I was not only the finest Dancer in England, but Europe, for he had seen all," and who survived being run through the body by her devoted husband's sword. In others, a piece of furniture or a Chinese wallpaper which stirs memories—and which combine together to make this wholly delightful book.

"The Londoner's River," by L. M. Bates (Frederick Muller; 10s. 6d.), takes us a long way from the quietude of country houses, to the bustle, and the ever-changing kaleidoscope of one of the busiest and most ancient

waterways in the world. John Burns, the well-beloved Labour M.P., said to a Canadian and an American on the Terrace of the House once: "Your St. Lawrence is just water. Your Mississippi is plain mud. But the Thames is liquid history." Mr. Bates quotes this remark, which might be taken as the *leit-motif* of this highly interesting and beautifully illustrated book, written by an authority almost as eminent as Sir Alan Herbert.

Perhaps even more finely illustrated is "London South of the River," by Sam Price Myers (Paul Elek; 15s.), of which I can say no more than that any lover of Thames-side and South London, its history, its architecture, its people and its humour will fall to on this book with avidity.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



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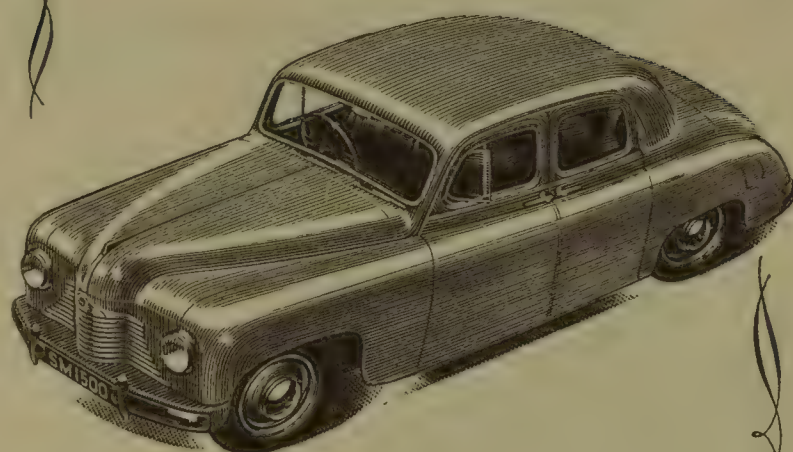


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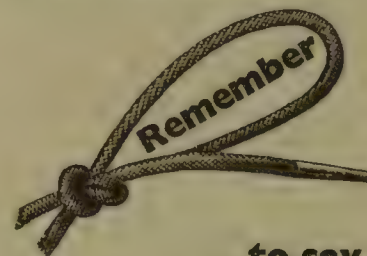
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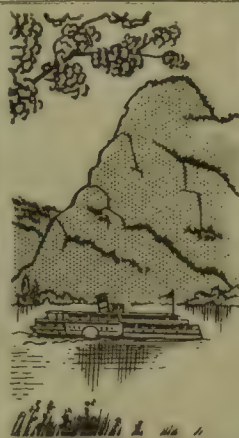
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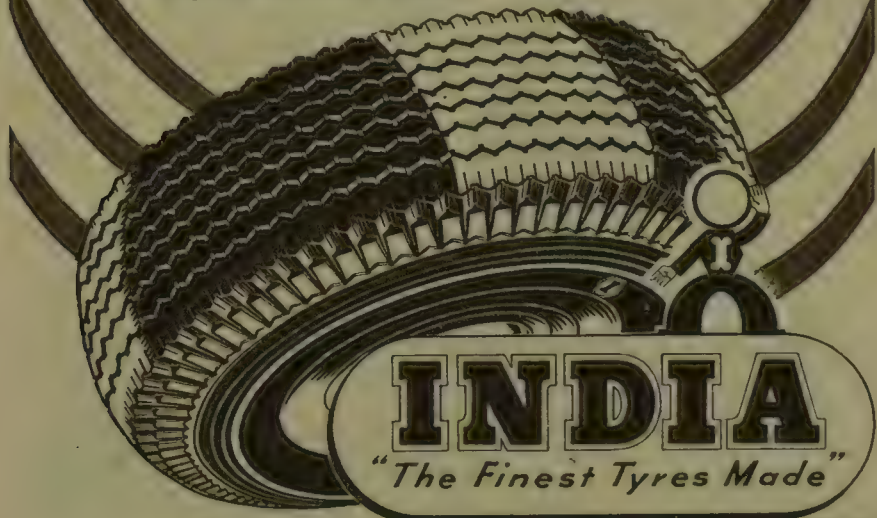
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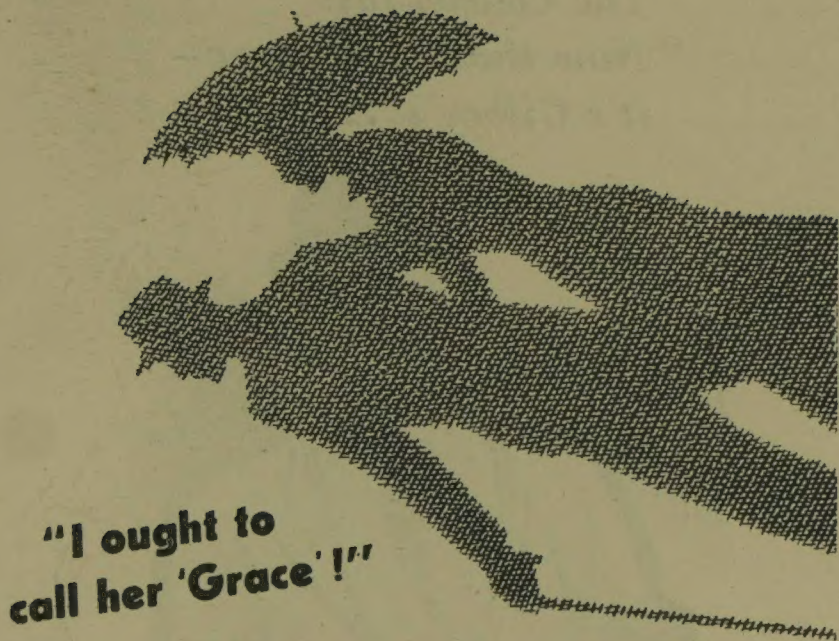
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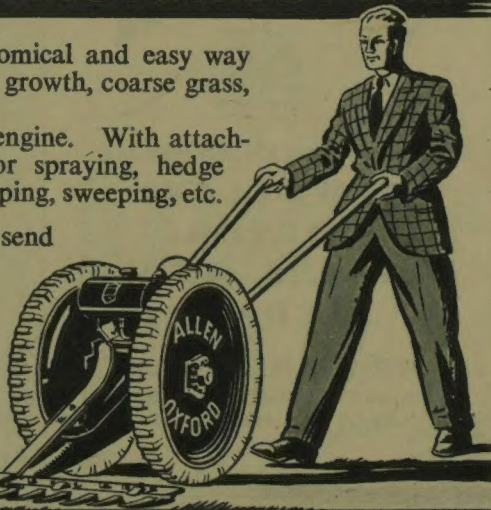
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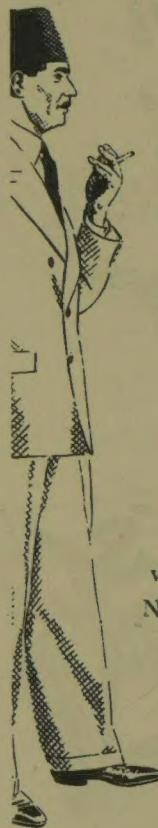
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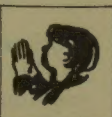


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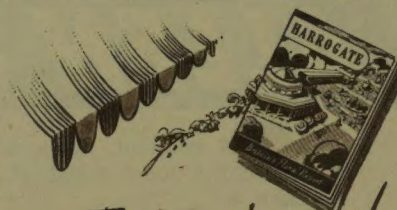
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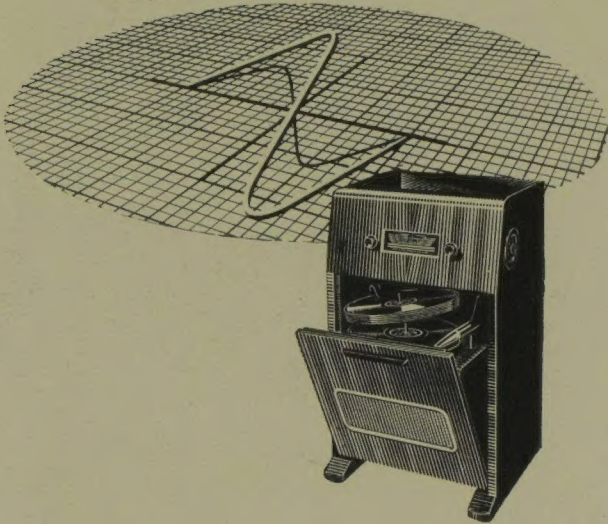
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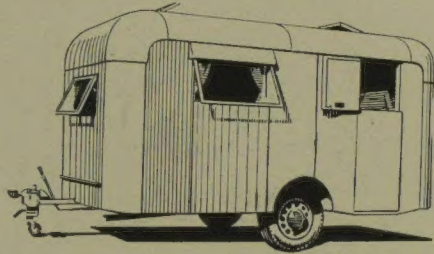
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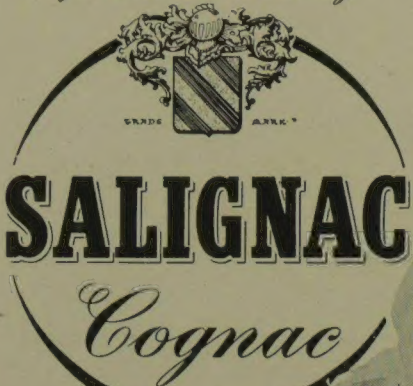
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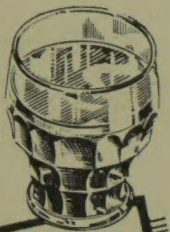
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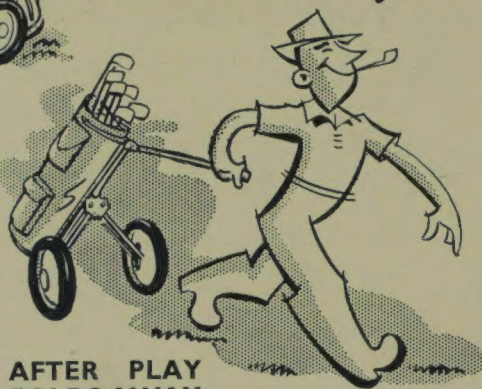
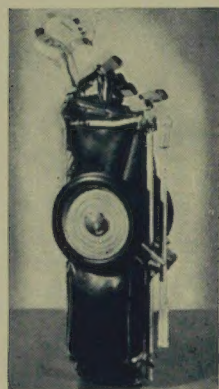
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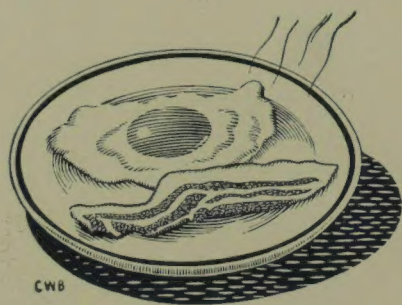
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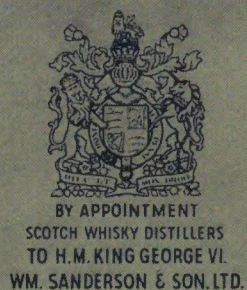


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